

## The Critic

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### In England.

To-morrow for the States,—for me  
England and yesterday.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

O WIELDER of the wizard pen,  
Thy loyal love I read  
For highland moor and lowland fen,  
For Thamis and for Tweed.

Thy floods and fields are fair to see;  
Here is thy home and hearth.  
And true thy great heart could but be  
To what is *mother earth*.

As thou felt'st there an alien, I  
An alien here must feel;  
Though kindly is the English sky  
And friends are warm and leal.

Thine is the love-glow in the breast  
For England's lakes and leas,  
But mine for our 'morn-mounting' West  
Beyond the wide wild seas.

LONDON, 1887.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### Yonnondio.

A SONG, a poem of itself—the word itself a dirge,  
Amid the wilds, the rocks, the storm and wintry night;  
To me such misty, strange tableaux the syllables calling up;  
Yonnondio!—I see, far in the west or north, a limitless ravine,  
with plains and mountains dark,  
I see swarms of stalwart chieftains, medicine-men, and warriors,  
As fitting by like clouds of ghosts, they pass and are gone in  
the twilight,  
(Race of the woods, the landscapes free, and the falls!  
No picture, poem, statement, passing them to the future:)  
Yonnondio! Yonnondio!—unlimn'd they disappear;  
To-day gives place, and fades—the cities, farms, factories  
fade;

A muffled sonorous sound, a wailing word is borne through  
the air for a moment,  
Then blank and gone and still, and utterly lost.

WALT WHITMAN.

### The New Cathedral.

A correspondent in *The Evening Post*, referring, recently, to this enterprise, enquires whether a better use of the money which it is proposed to devote to it could not be made by building a dozen coffee-houses, which should provide entertainment for body and mind for the poorest classes, and which should be reared in the most destitute neighborhoods. This is, as I recollect it, the substance of the communication, which, unfortunately, I have not at hand.

The suggestion which it makes is, *per se*, an excellent one, and no worthier undertaking of its kind could be proposed.

\* The sense of the word is *lament for the aborigines*. It is an Iroquois term; and has been used for a personal name.—W. W.

If, however, it is offered as a substitute for the erection of a Cathedral, two considerations may well be borne in mind. The first of these is, that such an undertaking belongs distinctly to the realm of business. The idea is no novel one. The coffee-house has been abundantly tested in both hemispheres. It has failed as often as it has succeeded, and it has never succeeded where it has merely presented the aspect of philanthropy, and only when it has been managed 'to pay.' The reasons for this are various. As a benevolent enterprise it has had too much the air of a dole; it has been cheaply done; it has involved restrictions which are irksome and distasteful. It has succeeded where it has entered into costly and resolute competition with the gin-palace, and has beaten the latter—as, conspicuously, in Liverpool—by giving something better at a less cost.

But even if it were otherwise, and the coffee-house had succeeded when not run on business principles, its ultimate tendency would then be open to grave suspicion. It belongs to the class of 'bread and games,' by which people are supposed to be made contented, but by which, in fact, they are educated to demands for still larger gifts and doles. The root of it is vicious, and the fruits of it would be debilitating if not degrading. Undoubtedly we want coffee-houses, but we want them as the intelligent venture of capitalists who are willing to fight the evil of intemperance with a rational weapon, on the basis of a paying investment.

And then, to come to my second point, if the poor man is only a compound of brain and stomach, we do not want anything more. If he has no higher nature, then the coffee-house, or something like it, may well be a finality in our efforts for him. This needs to be distinctly stated. A nation that has no need of religious ideas and inspirations, has no need for the instrumentalities by means of which they may be quickened and developed. But if, after all, those ideas have been, in human history, the mightiest ideas—if those ideas have been incarnated in a Person and in a Religion—and if that religion (despite all the failures and falsehoods which have marred its history in those very human hands which have been its representatives and messengers) has, nevertheless, disclosed the mightiest 'lifting power' that has ever moved the race, then it is surely not unfitting that a community abounding in material wealth and energy should at least rear one building to give noble and adequate expression to its faith, and welcome to it 'all sorts and conditions of men.' 'Grandeur is not,' indeed, 'only or mainly in things, but in truths.' But, no less surely, great truths are worthy of great expressions. There is little enough in New York to remind men of the forces that are eternal. There is a great deal to appeal to the imagination and the taste. Is it not worth while to build something that will speak to these in tones whose majestic dignity and solemnity will hush the frivolous speech, and chasten the vagrant thoughts, and so lift up the *soul*?

These are the two considerations which a kind invitation that I should say a word in these columns about the new Cathedral has moved me to urge. Perhaps I may be permitted to add another. To-day our greatest military hero, twice Chief Magistrate of the nation and victorious defender of the integrity of the Republic, lies waiting for sepulture. I have the heartiest sympathy with the effort to provide it in connection with his present temporary resting-place; but can anybody doubt that the true place for Gen. Grant's tomb is where it can be the centre of a mausoleum which shall gather within its catholic embrace memorials of other heroes, statesmen, philanthropists, poets and teachers, who have blessed and led their fellows? If there are those to whom spiritual forces are unintelligible, even these will own that there is such a thing as patriotism, and that never in any land was there greater need of encouraging and rewarding it,—that there is such a thing as statesmanship, and that nowhere in all the world was there more urgent demand for it and its honorable recognition, than among ourselves. These will remember Nelson's exclamation on the eve of the Battle of the Nile—

'a peerage or Westminster Abbey;' and will own, I think, that the transept of a great Cathedral, set apart for memorials of our honored dead, would be an educating and ennobling power, real, wide-reaching, and enduring.

HENRY C. POTTER.

### English Dependence upon Mr. Smith.

IT IS IN the small towns of England that one best learns the dependence of the English reading public upon Mudie and Smith. Of course everyone knows Mudie, but few foreigners, even those who have been to England, realize who and what Smith is. To begin with, he, as the 'Ruler of the Queen's Navie,' was the hero of 'Pinafore.' He is much better known to Americans now, however, as the first Lord of the Treasury, the Champion of the Closure, and the embodiment of English conservatism. But outside of England he is not so well known as the Universal Provider of Literature and the Censor of the Press. In other words, it is not a generally appreciated fact that W. H. Smith & Son's book-stalls and the Hon. W. H. Smith of the Ministerial Bench in Parliament are one and the same person. To the American who rushes from Liverpool to London and from London to Paris, stopping perhaps at Chester and Canterbury, the presence at every station of the boy with 'W. H. Smith & Son' on his cap, and *The Times*, *The Standard* and *The Daily News* on his stall, may seem but another proof of 'O! what a happy land is England!' But a closer or longer acquaintance with boy and stall—and both are to be found at the station of every town in England to which I have ever been, with the exception of one—will bring him to a different conclusion and give him another tale to tell.

Perhaps one reason for the special difficulty I have always had in getting *The Pall Mall* is Mr. Smith's objection to its moral tone. This is merely a supposition; but I am quite sure he does not love its political sentiments. It is equally certain that he is nothing if not virtuous, and that there is no literature on his stalls which the traditional young lady should not read. Like Mudie, he made war against George Moore—the would-be English Zola,—whose fortune might in consequence have been made forever, had his books really possessed the attraction of immorality, and been something more than realistic records of disgusting and commonplace facts. Smith is quite as virtuous from a social and political standpoint. Not long ago a story went the rounds of the papers, to the effect that an Archbishop who wished to write an article on socialism, needless to say not from a sympathetic standpoint, ordered *Justice*, the socialistic organ, at one of his stalls. The paper came for two or three days, and then with it was brought a message, that if his Lordship wished to subscribe for *Justice* regularly, he must go elsewhere.

It may be asked what is to be found on these stalls. The question is easily answered. A choice and fly-blown, dust-stained collection of all sorts and conditions of Besant and Rice; another much newer and fresher and larger pile of Arrowsmith's 'Shilling Shockers,' including, of course, Hugh Conway in the hundredths of thousands; Ouida by the dozen (though why the censor who objects to George Moore should encourage Ouida, is something the average man cannot understand); Rider Haggard in fine new bindings gradually fading; Stevenson, looking rather the worse for disuse; and—very flattering to Americans—in among the gumdrops and Waterbury watches, pirated copies of Holmes and Longfellow. It is only fair to add that at the larger stations one finds David Douglas's beautiful little Edinburgh edition of American authors. Frederick Warne, too, is everywhere with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. One can also count upon always finding *Ally Sloper*, *Tit-Bits*, *The Racing Calendar* and the rest of the intellectual food of the British public; together with reading lamps, the English railroad companies never supplying their carriages with enough light to read by. But the stalls being shut from six

o'clock in the evening until eight in the morning, it seems as if in this respect Smith was conspiring with the company against the convenience of travellers. After a little while you cannot help noticing that there are not even half-a-dozen publishers who succeed in getting their books on the stalls, and then keeping and having them displayed there. If you ask prominent publishers the reason for this, they will tell you that it is because the few fortunate men are either related to Smith or have an interest in his business. You wonder why all the leading firms do not combine against him, and set up stalls of their own. But Englishmen in any sort of business never seem able to pull together, and rather than join their forces they leave the monopoly to one man.

In addition to this monopoly giving Mr. Smith the power of regulating the sale of English literature and encouraging English ignorance, without which he would not exist, he runs a great circulating library, of which the stalls are so many branches. Theoretically, it is an admirable institution. But if you take into consideration the fact that your subscription for a certain number of books would be three times as much as in the principal libraries at home, and that, like Mudie's, Smith's Circulating Library is without reading- and newspaper-rooms, in the end you find it rather an expensive luxury. It has always seemed to me that if an enterprising American, with plenty of capital, would come over here and start rival book-stalls, a decent library, and news agencies, he would certainly make a fortune, and might possibly educate his English cousins.

P.

### Holiday Publications

#### "Representative Etchings by Artists of To-day."

'REPRESENTATIVE ETCHINGS by Artists of To-day in America' (Frederick A. Stokes & Bro.) consists of ten large plates by Frederick S. Church, Robert F. Blum, James S. King, Stephen J. Parrish, Herman N. Hyneman, Frederick W. Freer, Frank M. Gregory, Stephen Jerome Ferris, James J. Calahan, and C. F. W. Mielatz. The introduction, by Ripley Hitchcock, treats of the present and future of etching. Mr. Hitchcock makes some judicious remarks on certain vicious tendencies in American etching resulting from 'commercialism.' He also quotes various contemporary authorities to show that the arts of etching and engraving are threatened with gradual extinction, in the commercial sense, by the increase in the number and perfection of mechanical processes employed in book-illustration. Part of the value of this collection consists in the opportunity it affords for comparing different schools of American etching. We have the pure painter-etching of Parrish, Blum and Church—all good examples of the best school; while reproductive etching is represented by Calahan and King, and the drypoint method by the plates of Hyneman and Freer; the mixed method, which regards everything that produces the desired effect as allowable, being illustrated by Mr. Ferris's composition. Mr. Church's 'The Wanderer's Return,' printed in red, is one of this etcher's best plates, not only in the technical execution of the lines, but as regards their symmetry and harmony. The subject is a young girl welcoming a returning dove. The river and the sedges on the bank are treated in the simplest but most suggestive manner. Mr. Blum's 'Macaroni of the Eighteenth Century,' from a pen-and-ink drawing, is soft and charming in its effect, the sense of line being lost in delicate toning of the masses. It has a great deal of the tone of painting, wherein it presents a sharp contrast with Mr. Church's plate, which is essentially draughtsman-like in spirit.

Mr. Parrish's 'A Winter's Day, Windsor, N. S.' is a characteristic example of the free, direct and vigorous methods of this leader among American etchers. He has neither the subtlety of Mr. Blum nor the simplicity of Mr. Church, but he has enough of both qualities to modify his exuberant strength. Mr. King's head of a woman in a cavalier's hat is delicate and decorative in treatment, but not particularly strong. Although an original etching, it has the complexity of line which generally belongs to reproductive work. It is handled in an elaborate, somewhat overwrought, way. Mr. Hyneman's 'Desdemona,' etched from his own picture, is the first plate executed by the artist for a public collection. He has treated all of the figure, except the hair, in drypoint, which is well enough in itself, but gives an impression of being out of value with the rest of the plate, which is heavily bitten. Mr. Freer's 'Honeysuckle' is a large female head in a bonnet and veil, seen against a generalized mass of honeysuckle. There is so little pure etching in it, that it may be classed as a drypoint, with the bur effect very



prominent. The plate shows knowledge but is not particularly attractive. 'Madison Square, New York City,' etched after his own drawing, by Mr. Gregory, the illustrator, is an attempt at rendering certain aspects of New York street-life in the way that Jean Béraud has given those of Paris. It is fairly successful, and certainly faithful enough as to architecture; but it would have been more artistic if it had not been treated quite so literally. A freer touch would have been better. Mr. Ferris's etching after his own 'A Good Story' shows a girl, in rococo costume, seated and reading, while a man looks over her shoulder. The foundation is pure etching, but drypoint, the roulette and *retroussage* have been used in moderation. It is doubtful whether an etching gains artistically by the use of mixed methods. Except for a certain softness of tone, this plate might just as well have been engraved. There is good linework in Mr. Calahan's etching of Gérôme's 'Souvenir de Cairo'—an Eastern girl sitting on a stone bench in the street. It is handled in a delicate, precise way. Mr. Mielatz completes the collection with a conscientious, legitimate piece of work, 'Old Mill near Newport, R. I.,' after a drawing by himself.

#### Wilfred Meynell's "The Modern School of Art."

CASSELL & CO. publish a handsome volume, made up in great part of matter published in their *Magazine of Art*, under the somewhat misleading title of 'The Modern School of Art' (\$6). It gives fully illustrated biographical and critical notices of a large number of artists, all of whom, with the exception of two Frenchmen and one American, are English, either by birth or adoption. Legros and Herkomer are those who belong to the latter category—that of adopted Englishmen; and, while Legros has remained French in his manner of working, Herkomer has become English in every respect. As an exposition of what is popularly considered 'art,' in England, the book is catholic enough. The English artists noticed in it are of the most various inclinations: the vulgar Nichol, the æsthetic Leighton and the classic Poynter are included. The sturdy commonplace of Orchardson and Fildes is here, as well as the intense pre-Raphaelite fervor of Hunt. *Genre* and landscape predominate; and it is characteristic that the two French painters admitted should be Bonnat and Meissonier, and that the sole American should be Eastman Johnson. Technically, there is much to be said for the work. Some of the artists included in it may have reason to complain of their company, but of nothing else for which the publishers are fairly responsible. The text, edited by Wilfred Meynell, is well written. The articles, while invariably laudatory, are yet, as a rule, remarkably judicious in tone. The bounds of moderation are rarely overstepped. Some attention is in most cases given to the manner of living and working of each artist; and a considerable share of the illustrations is devoted to showing us the interiors of houses like those of Sir Frederick Leighton, Poynter and Millais. The art of wood-engraving has been used extensively, and to great advantage, in these illustrations, the cheaper photographic printing processes being, as yet, unable to turn out as acceptable work of this kind. Etching and steel-engraving have also been brought into requisition for some of the full-page plates. The press-work is excellent, and the cloth binding tasteful.

#### Lowell's "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

MR. LOWELL'S 'Vision of Sir Launfal' (\$10, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), contains some very characteristic American art-work. The frontispiece is a clever bit of sketch-portraiture by Mr. J. W. Alexander, who has achieved distinction among illustrators by his happy knack of hitting off likenesses in one or two sittings. The portrait is extremely simple in treatment, done in charcoal with a fine point; and so well engraved by Frederick Juengling as to preserve all the texture and quality of line of the original. The full-page plates are the work of the same engraver, and their differences of style and method show that his resources are many. He has treated H. Siddons Mowbray's figure of the Saviour with as much faithfulness and intellectual appreciation as the Lowell plate. The naïve mediævalism of the figure of Christ is intensified by its execution in delicate half-tones, rendered by Juengling in white line. Hopkinson Smith's landscape, with its vaporous masses of darks and half-lights, is handled by the engraver in an extremely complex manner. At first sight the work seems unnecessarily careful for so simple and broad an impression, but upon studying the plate it is discovered that the very largeness of the effect depends upon the minuteness of the line-work. Walter Shirlaw's plates of Sir Launfal seated in his apartment caressing his dog, the Knight riding forth in search of the Holy Grail, and the scene in the castle at the close of the poem, possess the decorative effect, the floridity of form, the love of harmonious curves, and the fondness for masses, which characterize this painter's productions. The engraver has shown

his interpretative ability in a favorable light in these plates. He has subordinated the line to the mass, while working with great thoroughness. The poorest of all the large plates is F. W. Freer's nun consoling a young orphan wearing a hood. The treatment of the girl's hood is very injudicious, and the effect meaningless. The nun's figure is evidently meant to be severe in a sculptural way, but the subject is quite barren of interest. Bruce Crane's snow-scene is treated in a simple, artistic manner, with no striving after engraver's effects. Swain Gifford's more difficult Eastern subject, in half-tones, has been equally well handled by the engraver. His mastery of light is well illustrated by the work in Siddons Mowbray's drawing of Christ on the cross, illumined from above. The luminosity is not merely that of the surface: it saturates the flesh-texture, and is a part of the anatomy. The small pen-and-ink drawings used as head-bands and tail-pieces hardly call for special mention. They are by Alfred Kappes, H. L. Bridwell and Hopkinson Smith, and have been reproduced by the photo-engraving process. The Juengling plates are all artist's proofs on fine thin paper, India or Japan, fastened to the page. The back is of dark red leather, which extends over a third of the sides, the rest of the cover being of gray laid-paper with decorative designs in red, sparingly used.

#### A New Edition of Tennyson.

THERE is something remarkably neat and winning about the edition of Tennyson's works issued by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co. (\$6.) It is in eight volumes, small, yet not too small, unillustrated, with margins wide enough for all but the poet's fourteen syllable verses, and printed on paper of good quality, and apparently from fresh type. It contains everything of the Laureates, from the juvenilia to the senilia, from the babblings about 'Airy, fairy Lilian' to the lines to 'Old Fitz.' There is an index; but no dates are given to the several poems. The volumes are put up in a stamped-leather paper casket.

#### "Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakspeare."

IT GRIEVES us somewhat, in view of the daintiness of Mr. C. S. Ward's thin volume, 'Wit, Wisdom and Beauties of Shakspeare' (\$1.25, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), to be obliged to express our conviction that it is too late for works of this type. Even if the editor is right in his assumption that 'a mere bowing acquaintance with most of the plays' is 'all with which most persons claiming to possess a liberal education can be credited,' we cannot think that the general knowledge of Shakspeare will be greatly increased by the present effort. The thoughtful reading of any one of the great tragedies will supply, to the most unprepared mind, a more intelligent idea of Shakspeare than can be obtained from the best book of selections. It is only the Eighteenth-Century conception of the dramatist as a kind of accidentally felicitous madman, whose finest flashes are worthy to be preserved, that can give to such books a logical reason for being; unless, indeed, such a reason be found in their convenience as a reservoir of passages 'which a speaker or writer might employ to lend grace or vigor to his theme.' And is it not an encouragement to the prevailing vice of superficiality, to distribute these peacock plumes to the daws? It is safe to lay down as a principle, that one cannot quote with full force and exquisiteness of application from a mere collection of choice lines: point is lost and perfume evaporates.

#### Miss Jerome's "A Bunch of Violets."

'A BUNCH OF VIOLETS,' by Irene E. Jerome, author and designer of 'One Year's Sketch-book,' etc. (\$3.75, Lee & Shepard), is a modest book, conceived from cover to cover in a vein of sharp contrasts—black and white, and a succession of angles and planes. There is something about the way in which these simple violet-forms are treated which recalls the naïve use of flowers by the early masters. Stiff, angular, prim, unconscious of their sweetness and humbly satisfied to do their part as accessories to the lives of saints and martyrs, are the flowers in the old Flemish and Italian landscapes; and, in turning over the leaves of Miss Jerome's book, one finds the same sort of mediæval spirit applied to American landscape conditions. These quaint floral forms are used independently, and as settings for short poems on violets. There are a few spring landscapes, and the figure of a small child reappears at intervals in natural attitudes. The flowers have not been 'composed,' to any extent: they have been drawn much as nature grouped them, with equal value given to stems, roots, leaves and flowers. The violet is not a particularly graceful flower: its simplicity, naïveté and sentiment of association are what have given it its importance. Miss Jerome has had the tact to seize upon the chief characteristics of the plant, and so intensify them as to make the subject artistically valuable. The poems accompanying the various compositions have

been selected from many and varying sources—E. P. Roe, Susan Coolidge, James T. Fields, Louise Chandler Moulton, N. P. Willis, Dinah Mulock Craik and F. B. Callaway. The engraving, which has been done under the supervision of George T. Andrew, is fairly good.

#### "Les Misérables."

A VERY neat library edition of 'Les Misérables' has been published by Little, Brown & Co., in five handy volumes, well printed and substantially bound in cloth (\$7.50). The translation is, in the main, that of Sir Lascelles Wraxall, which was made with Victor Hugo's sanction, although certain passages and whole chapters were suppressed, which are now restored by the Boston editors. There are no illustrations—which is, perhaps, hardly to be regretted, when we bear in mind the character of the illustrations which have appeared in some other issues of the novel. As regards appearance and convenience, this is one of the very best editions, and appears opportunely, when people are selecting holiday gifts of standard value.

#### "The Longfellow Prose Birthday Book."

IT IS THE fashion just now to subject any favorite author to the singular process projected by Juliet in regard to Romeo,—

When he shall die

Take him and cut him out in little stars,—

in order that the inevitable birthday book may be illumined by his oracular twinklings. Generally speaking, we deplore the custom; but there are certain cases in which a happy choice of the individual to be stellified, and an adroitness in wielding the shears, produce in combination a pleasing result. An instance is 'The Longfellow Prose Birthday Book,' composed of extracts taken from the poet's letters and journals, by Laura Winthrop Johnson. (\$2.50, Ticknor & Co.) A journal is, obviously, peculiarly adapted to this use; and Longfellow's running commentary, even on the worn subject of weather, is, from his characteristic fanciful grace, a charming accompaniment through the year. Occasional carelessness is seen in the repetition of certain passages, and the inclusion of others of slight significance, such as 'I like all kinds of weather, except cold weather,' and 'Caught cold last night at the opera, from an open door.' Such blemishes, however, are few, and on the whole the little book is most likeable. It is prettily bound, and contains a portrait, and twelve illustrations representing the different homes of the poet, views from or near the Craigie House, Longfellow's study, and his bust in the Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

#### Dumas' "Monte Cristo."

IN PUBLISHING a new and handsome edition of 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' in five large volumes (\$15), George Routledge & Sons have acted wisely in reproducing the old French woodcuts, which, with all their crudeness of execution, bring before one the scenes and characters of the novel more vividly than the best modern illustrations could. It would be difficult for an illustrator of the present day to represent the Cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, for instance, as it existed in Dumas' time. In giving a more complete and more artistic picture than is here presented, he would, almost of necessity, be forced to give a less interesting one. So, too, with regard to the figures; ridiculously bad as they are, from an artistic point of view, they show not only the costumes but also the manners and the affectations of the time more faithfully than it would be possible for an artist of the modern school to show them. It has often been remarked that the strangest things in the past are those nearest our own times, but not of them, and this remark is well illustrated in the five hundred old woodcuts reprinted in this edition of 'Monte Cristo.' They have the advantage here of good paper and good printing, which more than makes up for the wear and tear to which they have already been subjected. The edition has been printed at the De Vinne press.

#### Rufus Zogbaum's "Horse, Foot and Dragoons."

A MOST attractive work is Rufus F. Zogbaum's 'Horse, Foot and Dragoons' (\$2, Harper & Bros.), with its dark-blue cover decorated with a drum and stacked muskets, its large clear type, and spirited illustrations. The illustrations are by the author; who has witnessed the autumn manœuvres in Normandy, slept in a 'Feuerring' of the Fourth Corps on the edge of Thuringia, and crossed country with a column of United States cavalry; and who here records his experiences and observations in a fresh and lively manner. The sketch of army life in France is appropriately introduced by a stanza of 'Le Chant du Départ,' and the account of Aldershot (called 'A Home of Tommy Atkins,' that name being applied to Her Majesty's soldiers in general) by the famous 'British Grenadiers,' and so on. The embellishments of these pages of

music, and the tiny vignettes throughout the book, are finely executed bits of *genre*. Our 'bluecoats on the border' present, it must be confessed, less picturesque subjects than 'the natty English artilleryman, the dashing French chasseur, or closely buttoned, precise German dragoon.' If it were the chief end of man militant to adorn the canvas of a De Neuville or a Detaille, national pride would suffer severely at the contrast.

#### Minor Notices of Holiday Publications.

T. Y. CROWELL & CO. issue, in six small pamphlets (\$3), a set of 'Poems in Color,' illustrated by William J. Whittemore; each poem being printed on gilt-edged leaflets, bound together with a white silken cord. The selections from American authors are Bryant's 'To a Water Fowl,' Longfellow's 'Sunrise on the Hills,' and Whittier's 'Worship of Nature;' from the British poets, Burns's 'Mountain Daisy,' Hood's exquisitely natural 'I remember' (oddly accompanied by the artificial aspiration of Rogers for 'a cot beside the hill'), and a number of Tennysonian bits under the general title of 'Sea Pictures.' While the effect of these lithographs is at times very pretty—as in the first representation of the 'modest crimson-tipped flower,' and that of the quiet plow relieved against a golden sky,—they are as a rule much too brightly colored. More delicate and pleasing are A. Woodruff's illustrations of 'The Brook' (45 cts., Macmillan & Co.); but the choice of Tennyson's poetry as a subject is not, even in this case, a happy one; the Laureate is too subtle a colorist to be matched by most illustrators.

#### Books for the Young

##### Howard Pyle's "The Wonder Clock."

IT HAS sometimes occurred to us that, bountiful as is the table of literature now elaborately spread for children, some of the old-time dainties are missing. The choicest dishes are brought from the far ends of the earth; didactic blackbirds vociferating the most useful information are packed, as it were, in innumerable tempting pies; territory legitimately belonging to full-grown folk is ransacked for contributions, and we have innocuous preparations of the early poets and chroniclers, ready for solution in milk and water. But is there any fresh production of the old-fashioned, robust, direct, absorbing fairy-tale, or perhaps more properly wonder-story? Yesterday one might have shaken his head at the question; but lo, Mr. Howard Pyle's fascinating 'Wonder Clock,' ticking us out twenty-four tales of the very kind for which memory has hungered and thirsted! This facile artist has penetrated, pencil in hand, through the thick thorn-wood that had grown up about the sleeping palace of Romance; and at a touch all comes to life. The dear, familiar figures start up again,—the honest boy-heroes without shadow of fear, the wicked magicians, the grisly giants, the peevish dwarfs, the witches and swan-maidens, wise storks and clever foxes of the fairy-land that Thackeray so loved, a world 'all peopled with princesses.' A mellow light of humor is transfused through all, but there is no excess of that sceptical laughter in the sleeve, which must occasionally fall cold upon the childish heart. As a formative of taste for young readers, Mr. Pyle's clear, frank, vital English cannot be overrated; a dip into his book would act as a sea-bath to the most enervated style. It is almost needless, in view of this artist's former work, to say that the illustrations and embellishments of 'The Wonder Clock' are of exceeding beauty and value. The introductory songs of the hours, by Katharine Pyle, have an indescribable simple charm. The book impresses us as one of the most remarkable of recent juveniles, and we commend it to all elders who desire to drink of the fountain of youth, or to quaff the pleasant waters of a well of English undefiled. (\$3, Harper & Bros.)

##### John Dimitry's "Three Good Giants."

THREE centuries ago all Europe was holding its sides, aching with laughter, over the latest effusion of the incorrigible Master Francois Rabelais. A hundred and fifty years ago this same 'Gargantua' was put away in the furthest corner of any library that was bold enough to have it at all, and all Europe spoke of it only as a mark of the degeneracy of their ancestors—a worthless book, as filthy as it was dangerous. It was a book that hid its marvels in a dung-heap; a book whose unutterable coarseness was aside from its humor, and which, if it had been otherwise, no humor could have excused. And so Master Francois Rabelais has been not much more to most readers than a name of unsavory memory for these many generations, till of late some bold and catholic lovers of the good things of literature have to some extent rehabilitated him by showing to the world the fine and bright and clean things in his writings. And now comes his appreciative but discriminating admirer, John Dimitry, and takes out of the mud of their surroundings in Gargantua the three fine old giants Grandgousier, Gar-



gantua and Pantagruel, with his philosophical friend Panurge, and shows them to us in all their huge, good-hearted, joy-loving naturalness. There has seldom been an opportunity for a more justifiable expurgation of an author than this. Rabelais's obscenity is so unnecessary to his fun or his story, so aside from the spirit of a great part of the work, that when we consider the differences in taste of his age and ours, it seems hardly more than a translation to reproduce him, cleansed according to our standards. Then these giants and Panurge are too well worth knowing and laughing over, and with, to be willingly consigned to oblivion. Mr. Dimitry has shown rare judgment and done his work well. His translation catches the spirit of Rabelais better than any other we recall. His 'Three Good Giants' (\$1.50, Ticknor & Co.) is illustrated by Doré and Robida (Robida's drawings illustrate the text much better than Doré's); and taken altogether, though intended mainly for children, the book will be quite as much enjoyed and better appreciated by men and women who have left the ordinary tales of fairies and of giants a memory's step behind them.

#### Prof. Church's "The Story of the Magicians."

PROF. ALFRED CHURCH has done good work for young readers in putting into easy prose Southey's 'Thalaba' and 'Curse of Kehama' and the story of Rustem from Firdausi's 'Book of Kings' (\$1.50, Dodd, Mead & Co.). He has taken some liberties with his text; and, so far as the two stories from Southey are concerned, he might have taken more and welcome, for the quality of Southey's imagination not less than that of his verse is responsible for the indifference with which his work is regarded by young and old to-day. Although these tales are supplied with very respectable morals, and that of Rustem is 'only a story,' the latter will be found not only the most entertaining but the most wholesome of the three, the Persian poet in his wildest fictions retaining some hold upon truth. The illustrations in the volume have been selected from Persian and Indian manuscripts in the British Museum; and, although in the photo-engraved reproductions some of the effect of the colored originals has evidently been lost, enough remains to make them a curious and interesting feature of the book. Not the least interesting thing about them, is the strong resemblance of some of them to Chinese and Japanese drawings. The picture of the simorg on page 101 and that of the afreets on page 113 look as though they might have been taken from a piece of old blue nan-kin; and the little monsters on page 167 are as Chinese as possible, though the flower branches which they are pulling to pieces are as distinctly Persian. Beside afreets and simorgs, there is an authentic portrait of the Sepeed Deev or White Demon, and one of the little god Camdeo, with his sugar-cane bow and flower-wreathed arrows. There are pictures of glendoveers and of dancing girls, of the chase and of battle; and it will be odd if the book does not prove a nine-days' wonder and a joy forever to all those for whom it has been designed.

#### Prof. Soley's "The Boys of 1812."

THERE is no danger of the flame of patriotism flickering, so long as such books as Prof. James Russell Soley's 'The Boys of 1812, and Other Naval Heroes' (\$2.50, Estes and Lauriat) are written. While helping powerfully to drive out the dime-novel, they keep alive in the youthful mind the memories of the brave men of the seas, and induce fresh currents of emulation. The author, who, as Librarian of the Navy Department in Washington, has access to the archives, is also a capital stylist. After writing the history of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, and doing it well, he made a national reputation in Scribner's series of monographs on the Civil War. 'The Blockade and the Cruisers' is of absorbing interest and 'reads like a novel.' In the present volume, we have a general history of the Navy from the first beginnings, under Biddle and Barney, until the largest fleet ever collected under the American flag, and commanded by Matthew Calbraith Perry, helped Scott's army to win in Mexico. In clear straightforward style, with plenty of anecdotes and occasional conversational tid-bits, the Professor leads his boy-readers on from the Delaware Bay to the Irish Sea, and thence by way of Tripoli, the ocean duels of 1812, Lakes Erie and Champlain, to California and the Mexican Gulf. Over forty illustrations, drawn with spirit and accuracy by Merrill, Hendry and others, add to the literary charm. We notice, in the picture of Col. Glover and Mr. Palfrey (p. 21), that the photographic revelations of horse-leg movements are transferred to the woodcut, and curiously jostle our old-fogy notions. Among many literary plums in the volume is the account of the meeting in the English Channel in 1865 of Her Majesty's ship President and the United States ship Macedonian. Having changed sides as prizes in the War of 1812, they exchanged peaceful greetings under the flags of their respective conquerors. The author has unnecessarily cheapened, and so

far injured, his work by omitting an index. Even boys nowadays look for that grip on the eel of science. In this work, a happy combination of accuracy and readability, as well as in the author's forthcoming volume on the Sailor-Boys of '61, there should be all the requirements of good book-making.

#### Palmer Cox's "The Brownies: Their Book."

ALL READERS of *St. Nicholas* are familiar with the delirious activity of Mr. Palmer Cox's Brownies. These tiny moon-eyed grotesques now have a whole book, published in handsome form, wherein to disport themselves, and may clamber and scamper and skip and slide through a hundred and forty-four pages. (\$1.50, The Century Co.) So eager and irrepressible are they, that they even tumble and pour out over the cover. Within, we find them skating, bicycling, playing lawn-tennis and base-ball, canoeing, tobogganing, visiting the circus and menagerie—and, indeed, it is difficult to mention any amusement, likely to commend itself to a well-regulated Brownie, in which they have not indulged. They will doubtless be warmly welcomed by the children, though they make older heads a trifle dizzy by their constant display of feverish excitement. We wish the artist-author would enrich his verses more frequently with such plums of fun as the description of the globe, where

Here and there some scorching spots  
Are set apart for Hottentots,—

a touch that reminds us of Stevenson's inimitable 'Child's Garden.'

#### Andrew Lang's "Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose."

MR. ANDREW LANG, who is always in some mischief in company with artists and such, has written a whole book about the adventures of another bad and foolish boy called Johnny Nut, and has had it illustrated by that hair-brained Am. Lynen and published by Longmans, Green & Co. (\$3.50.) Andrew says the book is a translation from the French, but not even Octave Uzanne will believe him. The fact seems to be that he was led into it by reading 'Les Trente-six Rencontres de Jean du Gogué,' by Charles Deulin, another bad boy who gloried in the title of 'Un Buveur de Bière.' Of course, it is amusing. We do not mind saying that no one can read it without laughing at Johnny Nut's passion for roast goose, and the queer haps and mishaps which it brought him to. How, on his way to eat roast goose, he exchanged a sheaf of wheat for a hen, and the hen for a cow, and the cow for a maid, and the maid for a dog, and how he found a golden goose in the hollow trunk of a willow tree, and other astounding fibs, are told with a nerve that is more astounding than all. Whoever likes this sort of thing, and we fear we don't know anybody who doesn't, may just as well be advised to get the story and read it; for, if we gave the contrary advice, it would not be followed. The complete title is 'Johnny Nut and the Golden Goose;' and, that there may be no mistake, there is a golden goose and a flock of grey goslings on the blue cover.

#### Dr. Mayo's "Kaloolah."

'KALOOLAH,' by W. S. Mayo (\$3, G. P. Putnam's Sons), as it appears in its beautiful new dress, has a double interest for us: we are curious to read an American book that was praised by Washington Irving and is now in its 30th thousand; and we are curious, also, to see what foundation there is for the accusation that Rider Haggard owed to 'Kaloolah' the inspiration, if not the ability, to write 'Allan Quatermain.' We may say at once of this long popular book that it deserves its popularity. Fredericks's illustrations, especially the spirited frontispiece, give a hint of the pleasure in store for the excited reader. As to the comparison with 'Allan Quatermain,' one is tempted to say that the very similarity ought to excuse Mr. Haggard from intentional plagiarism. It is barely possible that a wild desire to write of extraordinary adventures in Africa might impel two different people to hit upon somewhat the same general line of effect; but it seems utterly impossible that a person intending to steal an effect should not have taken more precautions to produce some dissimilarity. So much for purpose. As to methods, Mr. Haggard falls so far behind Dr. Mayo, that it is certainly a misfortune for him that the comparison has been suggested. The great difference between the two is, that Mayo perfectly preserves the sense of reality even in his wildest descriptions, while Haggard always seems to be piling Ossa upon Pelion for the sake of effect. You feel that Mayo does not know that you are there; but you know that Haggard never forgets that you are there, and is doing his utmost to astonish you; and you are astonished—but at Mr. Haggard himself. Dr. Mayo's ingenuity of invention is spiced with a very pungent humor, while Haggard seems to be losing even his ingenuity of invention.

### Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales."

HAWTHORNE'S delightful 'Tanglewood Tales' have been issued in a new edition by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with an introductory note by George Parsons Lathrop and illustrations by George Wharton Edwards. (\$2.50.) Mr. Edwards is a clever young artist, not profoundly versed in his art, and evidently not as patient as he should be, for several of his drawings show marks of haste. The method of reproduction chosen by the publishers, while probably adequate to the demands made upon it by Mr. Edwards, still adds to the impression of cheapness and incompleteness which his work would very likely make, in any case. The illustrations in tints are particularly unsatisfactory. Still, Mr. Edwards must be credited with some graceful and, above all, clever work in outline, especially in the little head-pieces at the beginning of each story. Some of these show more than a touch of fancy, though it may not all be original. The frontispiece of Theseus slaying the Minotaur suggests, at once, Barye's bronze group of the same subject. The form of the book—adopted, it is likely, for the sake of the pictures—is rather unwieldy. But whatever the form and the illustrations, a new edition of these charming stories is always to be received with thanks.

### Andersen's "Fairy-Tales and Stories."

How lovingly, how longingly remembered are the twilight aisles of this rich and strange Gothic structure, reared by the wonder-builder, Hans Andersen! Here we wandered long ago; we know by heart these tender traceries of flower and vine, these sculptures of sleeping children, these surprises of merry grotesque; we know the dark and terrifying demons on these towers, in whose curved claws and gaping jaws the swallows nest. The present translation (\$2.25, Estes & Lauriat) of the dear Dane, to whom we are liegemen all, boasts as its special attraction more than two hundred illustrations by Scandinavian artists, from whom a sympathetic embodiment of the author's ideas would naturally be expected. We are surprised to find that the experiment has not been altogether successful. The rudeness of the drawings is certainly quite forgivable for the sake of their sincerity; but whatsoever of harshness, of horror, inheres in Andersen's work, is here brought into the foreground. Vampire and bearded witch and the bony mediæval Death are insisted upon; the northern spirit is intensified just where, for our less hardy imaginations, it required to be somewhat softened. The translator, Carl Siewers, has conscientiously noted necessary omissions, and supplied such explanations of national customs as appeared requisite. At certain points the English is a trifle faulty; we cannot believe that the fastidious princess who felt the concealed pea through twenty eider-down beds, was a real princess, after all, if she said that she had slept 'awfully bad.'

### Howard Pyle's "The Rose of Paradise."

IT SEEMS as if a new era in books for boys had dawned upon us within the last few years. Never before have there issued from the press so many books of adventure, of sport, of genuine healthy boy-life, with the very spirit of a boy in them; and yet books of a character and style distinctly literary. In this line, the wail of a decadence in literature cannot be heard; the books for boys of to-day are a vast improvement in every way over the old works of Marryat or Kingston, inimitable as these were in their own way, for they do more than satisfy the love of stirring breezy fiction with plenty of warm-blooded action and generous impulse in it: they give a boy insensibly a literary taste that, once gained, will be the most absolute and effectual safeguard against the bad style, the extravagances, and the false views of nature, which characterize a majority of the books a boy naturally gets hold of. One of the best of this new class of books is lying before us; and we have read it with the boy's enthusiastic absorption that takes you out of yourself and places you side by side with the hero on the blood-stained deck, or the yard-arm in a storm, and raises your pulse-beats ten a minute. Although Mr. Pyle's tale is shorter and less elaborately constructed than 'Kidnapped' and 'Treasure Island,' and its author lacks Mr. Stevenson's marvellous gift of language; yet it has the same bracing atmosphere of action, the same spirit of a fine and high honor in its hero, and the same clever faithfulness to nature, with an artist's eye for chances of effective description or grouping. And it has a sea-fight that for power and vigor is hardly surpassed in our literature. The conversations are spirited and natural; the situations and climaxes effective, without being artificial; and the character-drawing, even with the secondary personages of the tale, quite remarkable. And when we add that they are not in any way fixed types of character, but real men and women of complex natures and impulses, we have given Mr. Pyle high praise as a delineator of character. Capt. Machra especially is a man whom we are glad to have known, and better for hav-

ing known, and whom we should be happy to hear of again. The story is not quite so effective towards its close, and the plot drags somewhat; yet the reader closes the book with that feeling of satisfaction which is the best witness to an author's literary quality. Every manly boy will delight in 'The Rose of Paradise,' and in its capital illustrations, by the author. (\$1.25, Harper & Bros.)

### D'Aulnoy's "Fairy-Tales."

IT WILL BE 'news' to most people that many of our most celebrated fairy-tales are, in their present form, just 200 years old, and that they owe their existence to an ingenious French lady who lived in the reign of Louis XIV. The Countess D'Aulnoy, to whom we owe them, was born in 1649 and died in 1705. She was a follower in fairy-lore of Perrault, and far excelled her contemporaries in fertility so far as this particular domain was concerned. Early in the last century and at the beginning of this (1817), portions of her fairy-fictions were turned into English; but no complete rendering was made until the present time, when J. R. Planché has undertaken to give us all, or nearly all, that the good Countess ever thought or wrote in this form. (\$1.50, George Routledge & Sons.) The translation lacks simplicity, but the tales are so full of marvels, of dragons and monsters, of step-mothers and transformed princes, that the wonder-loving audience of little folk to whom they are addressed will overlook this, and revel in the inventions and adventures of Gracieuse and Pertinet, of the Beneficent Frog, of Babiole, and of the White Cat—a huge volume brimful of pictures (by Gordon Browne and Lydia E. Emmet), and telling of Prince Sprite and the Blue Bird, the Green Serpent and the Yellow Dwarf. A jolly book for Christmas!

### Two Books by "Jak."

JAK, who has written some excellent stories for young people, now publishes 'Who Saved the Ship' and 'The Man of the Family' in one volume. (\$1.25, Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.) As the author states in a preface that the most remarkable statements are founded on fact, we are bound to accept in the first story a ship that righted itself after turning bottom upwards, and in the second a dug-out which was literally dug out of the ground, though all the dug-outs we have ever seen 'out West' were simply dug into the side of a hill. The person who 'saved the ship' was the young sister who stayed at home with her impoverished mother, while the restless brother roved away to be a sailor. In the second story there are some spirited scenes well flavored with the spice of Western adventure; and the whole makes an interesting volume for young readers. 'THE GIANT DWARF,' by Jak, (\$1.25, Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.), is a pleasantly told story of the life and manners of the German peasant. Kaspar and his little sweetheart Katrina, and their inventive crippled friend Herr Mischel, are well drawn characters, whom it is pleasant to know; and they all meet with adventures that are quite out of the common. The story carries its moral unobtrusively with it, and is as healthy in tone as all the tales of the author of 'Prof. Johnny.'

### Mr. Perelaer's "Ran Away from the Dutch."

MR. HORNADAY, in his capital book 'Two Years in the Jungle,' gave us some facts about the Dyaks of Borneo, which whetted our appetites for more knowledge of this people so wonderful in his eyes. To M. T. H. Perelaer, who has the very characteristic name of a Low-Country man, and who is said to have been 'late of the Dutch East India Service,' we are indebted for a lively and popular account of these head-hunters. ('Ran Away from the Dutch; or, Borneo from North to South,' \$2.25, Dodd, Mead & Co.) The translation—from what, the publishers do not inform us—was made by Maurice Blok, and 'adapted'—to American youthful tastes?—by A. P. Mendes. From the amount of gold-leaf and blue stamped on the cover, one may get an idea that this is merely a flashy Christmas book made up chiefly with old electrotypes, scissors and paste. On the contrary, it is a very lively and, we judge, fairly accurate account of Borneo, cast in the form of a story. Making allowance for the sensational incidents liberally thrown in to render the story piquant, we have here probably the best account easily accessible to lads of this wonderful island and its people. The adventures of the deserters from the Dutch army as they range through mysterious Borneo are startling, but not impossible. They finally issue in safety with gold dust and bezoar stones enough to net them twenty-five thousand guilders, condone their thefts and faults, and pay for substitutes in the army. A great many Dyak customs, especially the national passion for the possession of human heads, are well explained, and though an unnecessary number of uncouth words are introduced, a glossary at the end assists the reader.



## Willis Abbott's "Blue Jackets of 1812."

'BLUE JACKETS OF 1812' (\$3, Dodd, Mead & Co.), is appropriately and attractively bound in a combination of dark-blue and white canvas, with a design in gold of a sailor ascending the ropes. Mr. Willis J. Abbot, author of 'Blue Jackets of '61,' has here told the stories of the sea-fights gallantly fought during the second war with Great Britain, in a picturesque and interesting manner. *O terque quaterque beatus*, the boy into who hands this volume falls; these tales stir the heart 'as with the sound of a trumpet.' We are reminded that it was Philip Sidney who used these words, of the old ballad of Chevy Chase; and such manly reading goes to the making of Sidneys. It would be well if the entire ground of United States history were covered by a series of works of this character. The profuse illustrations, by W. C. Jackson, are bold and often powerful, but occasionally unsuccessful; notably in the representation of the war dance in the Marquesas Islands, and that of 'King Dick' and his chaplain in Dartmoor Prison. H. W. McVickar contributes some clever, sketchy bits.

## Minor Notices of Books for the Young.

'PERSEVERANCE ISLAND,' by Douglas Frazar (\$1, Lee & Shepard), has been reviewed by two boys while on our table awaiting its turn, and in face of their verdict that it is 'perfectly splendid,' it would be hazardous for us to dispute its charms. Happily, a few reassuring glances justify the boys' impression, and enable us to say that this new edition deserves all the praise we gladly gave to the book when it first appeared a few years ago. It is the laudable attempt to write of a Robinson Crusoe who had no inexhaustible wreck to run to for resources, and the boys who read 'Perseverance Island' will not only be greatly entertained, but will learn much about practical science.

IN a very neat new box lie compacted all those spicy Oriental sweets, the flavors of which are so familiar; a fresh edition of 'The Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' revised, with notes, by the Rev. Geo. Fyler Townsend. The text, carefully purified, 'is mostly founded on the version of Dr. Jonathan Scott,' published in 1811. The volume contains many illustrations and embellishments, and sixteen brilliant and attractive colored plates. Messrs. F. Warne & Co., who publish this, publish also Grimm's Fairy-Tales in similar style.

MR. HORACE E. SCUDDER, in 'The Book of Folk-Stories,' has done a great service to mothers and aunts, and indeed to everyone responsible in any way for the care and education and amusement of little children. Nearly all books of fairy-tales are written in language that has to be simplified offhand when read to children under eight or ten years of age. In this little volume (60cts., Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) Mr. Scudder has retold, at leisure, some fifteen of the more famous children's stories; and, without having recourse to 'baby-talk,' has succeeded in bringing them down to the understanding of the average child of five.

MISS KROEKER'S 'Fairy-Tales from Brentano' were such a success that a second volume was in demand within a year, and one now appears with the title 'New Fairy-Tales from Brentano,' illustrated in color by F. Carruthers Gould. (\$1.50, A. C. Armstrong & Son.) Without being as charming as Hans Andersen's or as intellectual as Laboulaye's, these imaginative little stories will doubtless please young readers with a taste for fairy-fiction—if any such are left in this age of realism.—THOS. W. KNOX has gathered together in a delightful book for young readers a collection of 'Dog Stories' (\$1.25, Cassell & Co.), beautifully illustrated, and very entertaining to children of pretty large growth. The anecdotes include some of Sir John Lubbock's experiments with dogs, to find out the limit of their intelligence.

## The Copyright "Olive Branch."

THE distinction of the authors who commented in the November *Nineteenth Century* on Mr. Pearsall Smith's 'Olive Branch from America,' has attracted some attention to the article itself—the leading article in that number of the review. Mr. Smith's plan for solving the International Copyright problem is to let any American publisher print any English book, provided he affixes to each copy of it a stamp certifying that the author has received a royalty on the copy sold. Dr. Edward Eggleston, who speaks—unofficially, of course,—for a large majority of the writing class in America, writes to us concerning it:

It is an impossible plan, devised by a man who knows nothing either of authorship or publishing. I don't see what right Mr. Smith has to speak in the matter. He represents nobody in this country, and at the present juncture his utterances are only calculated to do harm. *The Nineteenth Century's* giving such prominence to what he has written seems to us Americans extremely ridiculous. The right to choose one's own publishers, and to regulate the style in which one's productions shall be issued, are important adjuncts of an author's property-interest in his own publications. This scheme entirely disregards his sentimental feelings in regard to his works, and puts him at the mercy of any man who wishes to print his books in connection with the lowest class of literature. In this day of cheap serial libraries the works of a distinguished author might be used, under the stamp system, to float a good deal of rubbish. This would be a manifest injustice to him, both pecuniarily and otherwise. There is involved also a regulation by somebody else of the rate of compensation that the author shall receive, and a general denial of the author's right to control his own affairs. No publisher of standing would be willing to undertake the issue of an important work under such a law.

The *Tribune* has interviewed a number of authors and publishers on the subject, and nearly all are the same opinion as Dr. Eggleston. Mr. E. C. Stedman gives two reasons why Mr. Smith's scheme would be impracticable:

First, it would throw the door open for very 'cheap and nasty' issues of an author's works, forcing him to sell stamps on ten-cent works which would yield him but a cent copyright on each specimen. Second, few publishers would venture to bring out a good edition of a work with a chance of many rivals to undersell him with inferior issues.

Mr. J. W. Harper, Jr., of Harper & Bros., gave the commonsense view of the scheme from the publishers' standpoint. No responsible firm, he said, would publish a new manuscript under the proposed arrangement:

The scheme is visionary and impracticable. It seems to be formed upon the assumption that the reprint business is confined to the English novels. They form the least important and remunerative part of it. We reprint most of the foreign works that appear to us worth reproduction here. The first cost of many such works before we get a penny in return amounts to several thousand dollars. They all involve a certain risk. If such a scheme as Mr. Smith's became law, it would practically kill the business of reproducing standard foreign books, and the British exporter would be the only man whom it would benefit at all. We should never think of assuming such risks while the market is divided against us. The foreign author from whom we buy stamps would have nothing to give us in return. After we had paid him a heavy fee and assumed the expenses of reprinting his book and had advertised and made a market for it, any cheap publisher could run in and launch on the market a big edition of poorly printed copies, and reap all the benefit of our hard pioneer work.

## TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

It is sincerely to be hoped that the recent appearance of a Philadelphia manufacturer in the field of International Copyright discussion will not distract attention from the main issue. One reason why it has been impossible hitherto to get Congress to act in the matter, has been the difficulty of concentrating upon a single scheme all efforts in favor of the cause. This had been virtually accomplished, or was in the way of being accomplished, when suddenly *The Nineteenth Century* came forward with Mr. Pearsall Smith's 'Olive Branch'! This olive branch is a proposed new 'stamp act.' Any American publisher, under this plan, can send for ten-per-cent stamps to a British author, and bring out the book as he pleases. The publisher next door can do the same thing. It is a new sort of 'free trade' in books. I will not take space to discuss the scheme at present. It is objectionable, on many obvious grounds, to both authors and publishers. It is not put forth as an ideal measure, but as a temporary make-shift, or as better than nothing. It is an individual suggestion, and is not supported by the Copyright League, which numbers in its ranks nearly all the leading writers in the United States,—and it is antagonized by the publishers. What the authors prominently connected with the League regret, is that it should have been heralded in a way to distract attention from better measures, and to discourage the efforts in favor of those measures; and that its inventor should have done all in his power to put arguments in the mouths of the opponents of the copyright scheme which the League is promoting. The author of *The Nineteenth Century* article continually calls the ordinary method of book publication monopolistic. If it is a monopoly for a single publisher to publish a foreign work, during the

continuance of copyright, it is a monopoly for a single publisher to publish an American book. But the use of the term 'monopoly' in this connection is altogether unfair, misleading, and damaging to the cause of honest, business-like International Copyright.

All who are sincerely interested in International Copyright should re-enforce the Copyright League in its well-considered plans in favor of this great national reform. This is no time for side-issues and personal hobbies. Every literary man in the United States, every publisher, every reader of books, every patriot who blushes at the present shameful condition of affairs, should appeal to his Senators and Congressman in favor of genuine International Copyright. Congress should be made to know that American literature is to-day being smothered under the burden of foreign pirated literature; that American authors are robbed abroad, and at home are made to suffer from the unnatural competition of stolen wares; and this because Congress refuses the same rights to the foreign author that it gives to the foreign inventor. The attitude of our legislation is as illogical as it is immoral. There is no justice or logic in the present discrimination against the authors of 'In Memoriam' abroad, and 'Evangeline' at home, and in favor of the foreign and native authors of the latest novelties in rat-traps and pea-shooters.

The outlook for International Copyright was never so hopeful as at the present moment. But this is the very moment when individual effort should be unselfishly concentrated in a single, steady, earnest and triumphant campaign.

November 22nd, 1887.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

### The Lounger

UNTIL the question of International Copyright is settled, American authors will always be racking their brains to devise some means by which they can make more money out of their books. As the case now stands, they have comparatively little chance in competition with the cheap reprints of foreign books. With International Copyright they would be pretty well paid by a ten or fifteen per cent. royalty, but without it their books do not sell to such an extent as to make literature a very remunerative profession. Mr. Howells, who is one of the hardest working and most successful of our novelists, has a scheme of his own which is not a bad one. It was made, I may say, before his arrangement with Messrs. Harper went into effect. He has the plates of his novels made in Edinburgh by Mr. David Douglas, who ships them to this country. They cost him, after paying duty and expressage, about one-half what they would cost in this country. The presswork and binding is, of course, done here, and the imprint of his American publishers appears on the title-page, but Mr. Howells owns the plates, and makes more by this arrangement than an ordinary percentage would bring him in. Mr. Douglas publishes the authorized editions of Mr. Howells's stories in England and Scotland.

MR. ROBERT BONNER'S retirement from the active management of *The New York Ledger* revives the history of his extraordinary success as the publisher of a story-paper. Mr. Bonner was always a firm believer in the efficacy of advertising, and he spent thousands of dollars where other men would think hundreds sufficient. He did not confine his advertising to the ordinary channels either, but considered a 'fabulous' price paid for a story or essay or poem by some famous man, whether clergyman, statesman or warrior, as about as good a way as any to attract attention to his paper. While the *Ledger* has never been regarded as a paper of great literary excellence, it has numbered some of the foremost literary men of the day among its contributors. It was not, however, the poems of Tennyson or Longfellow, or the essays of Edward Everett, that gave the *Ledger* a circulation running into the hundreds of thousands: it was Sylvanus Cobb's 'Gunmaker of Moscow,' and the serials of such writers as E. D. E. N. Southworth, that made its success.

I HAVE NEVER said anything in this column in praise of the chrysanthemum, and am puzzled that anyone should assume that I feel a special fondness for the flower. Such a fondness I do feel, however; and I am very glad to read a little essay of Phil Robinson's, entitled, 'Chrysanthemums,' which Messrs. George H. Buchanan & Co. send me from Philadelphia, exquisitely printed, in the form of a pocket-sized pamphlet. 'A Foreword' informs the reader that its publication was prompted by 'the increasing interest of flower-lovers in the development of the Chrysanthemum,' while an 'Afterword'—in happy forgetfulness of the word that precedes it—admits that 'this little volume is put forth as an example of the finer grade of book-printing.' This is the 'other motive,' of which the French are generally suspicious, and for which they have coined a phrase. Whatever the motive, in this case, the paper-covered booklet will be welcomed by book-lovers and flower-lovers alike.

FROM Mr. Stevenson's immediately forthcoming volume of 'Memories and Portraits,' the *World* has printed a fascinating chapter, in which the author tells how he learned to write. Although all through his boyhood and youth he 'was pointed out for the pattern of an idler,' he was always busy at one thing, and that was the mastery of the art of composition. To achieve it, he carried in his pocket two books, one to read, the other to write in. Out of doors he busied himself with describing what he saw; indoors he read persistently, and whenever any passage in a book impressed him strongly, he set himself to imitate it. In this way—by imitating a dozen writers, English, German, French and American—he acquired at last the style which is now his own. It is not exactly compounded of the styles of his various models, but it has been affected to some extent by each of them; and it is only by pursuing some such course as this, he thinks, that one can learn the art of writing. And he is right.

INFINITE patience must go to the formation of any style remarkable for its excellence. The world knows little of the years of apprenticeship, the secret labors of the master-workmen in the literary work-shop. It is only a short while since Col. Higginson lifted the veil from his own irksome efforts to give adequate expression to his thought—efforts always happily rewarded, in his case; and there is no great stylist who could not tell a similar tale of the obstinacy of words, when one attempts to put them together in the best order. If facts are stubborn, words are no less so. Kindness is more effectual than force, in getting them to do one's bidding. You can't beat them into place: they must be coaxed and cajoled. You may entice them with a wisp of hay, when to beat them would only provoke a volley of kicks. You must be born with a taste for the literary calling, but natural aptitude must be supplemented by assiduous practice in its duties.

WE ALL KNOW the story—which Mr. McMaster has just retold, in his biography of the great philosopher—of Franklin's painstaking translation of *The Spectator* into his own English, and back again into the English of Addison. And though, by thus imitating the great Eighteenth-Century essayist, he acquired a style of his own that answered every purpose to which he wished to put it, greater opportunities of practice of this kind, a wider range of authors and languages to draw from, would undoubtedly have given still more flexibility and color to his writings. One has little respect for a writer whose style changes after each new book he reads—who goes down to his grave (whither his works are sure to follow him!) without having made any manner peculiarly his own. But the masters do not so; with them, the stage of imitation is a transient one. Mr. Stevenson's own style would not be worth imitating, if he himself had not already passed the imitative stage. It was in his 'boyhood and youth' that he set himself to 'ape' his favorite authors.

POPULARITY in literature is a good deal like lightning: it is very hard to tell where it will strike. The publisher who could say, with any degree of certainty, whether such or such a manuscript would pay, would become a millionaire in a very short time. He can no more tell than the merest outsider, and it is just because it is known that his judgment is so likely to be wrong that the author of a rejected MS. regards him as something less than insane. I have heard many a publisher say that he thought experience of very little use in judging of the salability of a book. It is often the case that the books whose success he feels the surest of are the greatest failures; and those that he publishes merely to keep the presses going are sometimes the greatest successes.

AS AN illustration: Five or six years ago a wild-Western looking man walked into the office of Ticknor & Co. in Boston, drew a manuscript instead of a six-shooter from his pistol-pocket, and laid it upon Mr. Ticknor's desk. He said that it was a poem he had recently completed. He didn't claim to be a poet, this being the only thing in the way of rhyme he had ever been guilty of. If the publisher would kindly look over it, he would be obliged. Mr. Ticknor told him to leave it, and it would be put through the usual channels. The 'reader' to whom it was sent condemned its literary tone, and said that it was rather dreary stuff—a sort of American 'Lucile.' The idea of an American 'Lucile' rather pleased Mr. Ticknor's business sense, and when the author called again he made him a small offer for the poem, scarcely thinking that the man would take it, and not really caring if he should refuse. His offer was accepted, however, and the poem, which was called 'Gerardine,' was brought out in a cheap, unattractive form. During the first year 500 copies were sold. The next year's sales amounted to 800; the third to 1,000; and finally 15,000 copies were disposed of. A number of well-known poets have been accused of being its



author, and the accusation was laid so persistently at Dr. Holland's door that his family were obliged to make a public denial. The sale of 'Geraldine' has increased at such a rate, that the publishers have now brought out an illustrated edition, set from new type; and they believe that it is going to sell better than all the others put together.

'LOCRINE' has attracted more attention than the American publisher of the poem had any reason to expect it would receive. The *Times* published it in full—gave up several pages to it; and *The Evening Sun* did the same. Then out came the *Tribune* with an editorial note, saying that the *Times's* pretence that the tragedy came from London by cable was fraudulent and absurd, since it was, as a matter of fact, reprinted from advance-sheets, of 'Locrine' which Mr. Worthington had offered to the *Tribune* for \$100, 'payable in advertising.' The *Times* still stoutly avers that every syllable of the poem came by wire under the tempestuous Atlantic, though the offer of advance-sheets had been made in its own office as well as in the *Tribune's*. So the three papers pepper each other's pachydermatous sides in a triangular duel; while the world looks on with amusement, and the *World* cynically observes that the poet has wisely christened his work 'a tragedy,' since such an indication as it affords of the decay of great mental powers is always essentially tragic!

## The Fine Arts

### The Autumn Exhibition at the Academy.

THE autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design opened on Monday and will close on Dec. 17. It is a small collection, and in respect to merit an even one, giving, on the whole, more promise of future performance than any autumn exhibition yet held by the Academy. It is modern in tone, and seems to mark the definite establishment of those methods of work which have had in the past such difficulty in receiving acceptance at the hands of the Academicians. The younger American artists are out in force, and many names belonging even to the newest generation are attached to work that shows the progressive training of the Art Students' League and of the Paris schools, together with the influence of the French *plein air* painters. Herbert Denman's large 'Midsummer Day's Dream,' a girl in a hammock on a sunny lawn, is a splendid piece of out-of-doors work. His 'Courtyard at Venice' and 'Back Yard Study' have the same fine quality and painter-like feeling. Ultra-modern, indeed, are Wm. S. Allen's 'Evening at the Lake,' a very interesting and truthful impression in delicate low tones, and Dora Wheeler's 'Fishing for Minnows,' two children in a boat on a lake in sunlight. Such work as this has hitherto been identified only with the Society of American Artists. Roswell Douglas Sawyer's large landscape, 'Autumn in Picardy,' suggests Puvis de Chavannes in its treatment, which is not exactly imitative but rather imaginative in its touch of decorativeness. Amanda Brewster's 'Banks of the Loire,' with its misty vista of sedges, is true and poetic, besides being well grasped as an impression. Her snow-scene is quite as well painted. Edith Mitchell's 'The Steam-drill,' an impression of three workmen using a drill on a foggy day, shows not only an artistic method but an unusual feeling for character. M. R. Dixon's study of a child's head is good in painting and in color. Charles C. Curran's woman hanging out clothes has capital rendering of sunlight and shadow, and his 'Grape-Picking' is in some respects better. J. N. Marble has a large head and shoulders of a young woman in white, broadly and gracefully handled. Francis C. Jones sends one of his best pictures as to color and delicate precision of handling. It shows a forest glen with two figures. Irving R. Wiles has five good bits of painting. Among the portraits, that of a gentleman, by Eleanor C. Bannister, and W. M. J. Rice's seated figure of a man in a fur coat, show the best technique and the greatest grasp of character. H. R. Poore's dogs, Ben Foster's landscape ('Nightfall'), Bolton Jones's two landscapes, Louis Moeller's 'Doubtful Investment' (two male figures), Richard Creifelds's 'Tough Yarn' (a typical American group), Walter Palmer's snow-impressions, W. T. Trego's 'Pell-Mell Charge' (a spir-

ited battle-scene), C. D. Weldon's olive-toned landscape ('The Old Orchard'), George B. Butler's two Italian figures, and Leon Moran's 'After School,' are works worthy of attention. Among the large and conspicuous pictures may be mentioned A. A. Anderson's Rocky Mountain encampment, De Cost Smith's 'Sioux Lover,' and Wm. Morgan's portrait of Lotta as the 'Marchioness.' There is a good deal of well-painted still-life in the exhibition, but most of it is composed baldly and ungracefully. The best piece of composition in the way of flower-subjects is found in 'Tulips,' by Esther L. Coffin.

### Art Notes.

MUNKACSY'S 'Last Day of a Condemned Man' is on exhibition at the Haseltine gallery in Fifth Avenue. In some respects this is the best of the painter's works. It unites his dramatic and tragic vein with his feeling for *genre*, and shows great concentration of thought, method and interest. The prisoner sits at the right, turning away in morose dejection from a table with a white cloth upon it, on which stand two candles. A woman is sobbing near him, with her face turned to the wall, and a child, presumably his own, stands near them. He is guarded in his underground dungeon by a soldier, while a crowd of spectators gathers about him. Munkacsy's mobs are his greatest achievements, and this is the best of them all. The startled baker-boy, the market-girl, the different types of workmen and women of the people have been taken from the life, and elevated as accessories of a tragedy. This is one of the Munkacsys that have *not* turned black. It is painted in the artist's most vigorous manner, and composed with power and simplicity. Another important work at the same gallery is a large Hamon, which shows a young girl, in airy garments, entering a room where two lovely children have just broken a terra-cotta image, while an older child flourishes a fly-whisk and holds a quaint doll in her hand. The whole spirit is modern, but the figures are classic, forming that beautiful union of old and new in art which the French call *neo-grec*. An early Alma-Tadema shows the influence of the Belgian school of Leys and Lies in which the painter gained his first instruction. Jazet's 'Death of Nelson,' two fine Constants, Galafre's circus-procession in a Spanish town, and a large seraglio interior by Roybet, painted in a rich, 'fat' way, are a few of many very good examples of some of the best European masters, especially of the French school.

—An exhibition of American tapestries and embroideries was opened last week at the rooms of the Associated Artists in East Twenty-third Street. Some very beautiful examples of work were shown in the form of *portières*, wall-hangings, screens, bed-decorations, etc. Hangings (tapestry) after designs by Miss Wheeler, a Donegal (Irish) bed-cover in gold silk embroidery on white silk poplin, a screen embroidered with wreaths of pink waterlilies, a design of starfish in dark green on a pale green ground, and a chamouis-skin *portière* delicately painted in blue and red and decorated with beads, are among the finest exhibits. The harmony and delicacy of color of these American embroideries can not be surpassed. The exhibition will remain open until December 1.

—'The Salon of Paris (1887),' illustrated with a hundred photographs printed in colors by Goupil & Co., will be issued by Mr. Bouton early in December. Many of the illustrations will fill the page; others will be scattered through the letterpress; and there will be, besides, numerous etchings in the form of head- and tail-pieces. The text, by M. Gustave Ollendorf, will fill 200 pages. Two editions will be printed, one on vellum paper, at \$17.50, the other on Holland paper, at \$20.

—The collection of pictures, ceramics and books belonging to Mr. Jas. M. Burt of Brooklyn was sold at the Moore gallery on the 16th, 17th and 18th inst. Among the oils were especially noted several works by Lyell Carr, his 'Bass Fishing, Phid Rock Mills,' being admirable for atmospheric quality and for its combined simplicity and interest. J. H. Dolph's heads of sheep, called 'The Manger,' were very well handled. A small vaporous landscape study by John Lafarge, a very good Kensett, F. S. Church's 'Spring,' a Venetian gondola subject by Robert Blum, and 'The Old Whaler,' in Swain Gifford's early manner, were among the best pictures. A feature of this collection was the group of oil-, water-color and pencil sketches extending over a long space of American art, from Thomas Sully's water-color portrait of Mrs. Downing to bits by George Inness and Leon Moran, by way of J. W. Glass (whose pictures were owned and reproduced by the old Art Union) and J. Henry Hill, whose beautiful pre-Raphaelite drawings in this exhibition recall the encomiums bestowed upon his work by Mr. Ruskin. Among the ceramics was some fine Persian pottery.

—The sale at the American Art Association of the pictures belonging to Thomas Reid, William Schaus and the estate of H. L. Dousman of St. Louis (123 numbers), has been postponed indefinitely. The reason is that picture-sales after sunset are prohibited by law, and the attendance on the afternoon announced for this sale was so small that the auctioneer, after selling a \$100 picture for twenty dollars, dismissed the buyers in disgust, with the remark that he would hold no more sales until January, when the Assembly will, it is hoped, amend the old law which has lately been revived.

—The Acropolis of Athens, a plate 22x15 inches in size, showing all the discoveries of the past few years, from drawings just completed by S. B. P. Trowbridge of the American School at Athens, assisted by Dr. William Dorpfeld, Director of the German School, and Dr. Penrose, Director of the English School, will be issued about Dec. 1 by Townsend MacCoun.

—Mr. Frederick Keppel is the happy possessor of Dr. Seymour Haden's etching-needle, which is said to have put about \$250,000 into its first owner's pockets.

—The Corcoran art-gallery at Washington has purchased a historical painting by the German artist, Becker, for 16,000 marks. It is seven feet long, and contains twelve figures. Pope Julius II. is seen gazing upon the Apollo Belvidere, with celebrated personages of the period grouped about him, including Raphael, Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna.

—Louis Gallait, of the Belgian Royal Academy, died at Brussels, last Sunday, at the age of seventy-seven. He studied at Tournay, Antwerp and Paris. His most active years were 1835-53. His most important works are 'The Pest at Tournay,' 'The Duke of Alba in the Low Countries,' 'Travelling Musicians,' 'The Death of Palestina,' 'Job and His Friends,' 'Marshal Gontaut,' 'Montaigne Visiting Tasso,' and 'The Temptation of St. Anthony.' The Luxembourg, the palace at Versailles and the National Gallery at Berlin, are among the public galleries that contain his works. Many of his pictures are owned in America.

—The Chicago Art Institute opened last Saturday evening in a new building in Michigan Avenue. The collection bequeathed by the late E. B. Washburne is now on exhibition there. It includes portraits by G. P. A. Healy of Lord Lyons, Thiers, Gambetta, Bismarck and Mr. and Mrs. Washburne.

—The sales at the Academy of Design on Buyers' Day amounted to \$2,940 (catalogue prices) for twenty-one works. Last year the same day saw \$6,335 for forty-three works. James M. Hart's 'Eaton's Neck, L. I.,' brought \$800.

—At the regular semi-annual meeting of the Society of American Artists on the 15th inst., resolutions were drawn up and signed by the members present, in protest against the action of Anthony Comstock in arresting the picture dealers, Messrs. Knoedler and Roth (for selling photographs of nude pictures by recognized masters), as being contrary to the interests of art.

—On Wednesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons next, the collections of the late M. Loubon, the French artist, and M. Durand-Ruel, of Paris, will be sold at the Moore gallery. The catalogue contains many famous names.

—Mr. Whistler, whose ten-o'clock evening lectures were so well attended a year or two ago, fixed the opening of the private view of the fall exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists, of which he is President, for 9 P.M. on Friday of this week. 'Why should I not allow the ladies to be seen at their best?' he asked.

—The Art Review for September, October and November—a triple number—is very good, both as to plates and letter-press. The plates are not particularly new, but there are sixteen of them, all photogravures of excellent quality. The frontispiece is Seymour Haden's 'Shere Mill-Pond.' Freer's 'Love-Token' (a pretty woman looking at a rose), Arthur Parton's originally treated view of the Harlem River at evening, Weldon's Japanese fantasy ('Flirtation'), and reproductions of well-known works by Bristol, Dolph, Hovenden, Rhoda Holmes-Nicholls, Guy, Harry Eaton, Turner, Blum, Cleveland Cox, and the sculptors Kemeys and Hartley, form the gallery of illustrations. The ten papers on art-subjects are all valuable, theoretically and practically. Mr. Frederick Keppel reviews the later historical aspect of the etcher's art under the title of 'The Modern Disciples of Rembrandt,' and Mr. Alfred Trumble writes of 'Etching in America, True and False.' Henri Pène du Bois chats agreeably of book-collecting in America, Julian Hawthorne protests against what he declares to be the present fashion, in periodicals, of subordinating letter-press to illustrations, and Charles Barnard gives good advice as to the unconscious art-training of children. The other contributors are John R. Tait, Dr. Titus Munson Coan, Frederick Law Olmsted, S. G. W. Benjamin, and Charlotte Adams. Some of the photogravures are in color.

—Dr. Wallace Wood has been appointed to the Chair of Art History in the University of the City of New York. His lectures will be given on Friday afternoons at 4 o'clock, in the chapel of the University. 'Outsiders' wishing to obtain tickets should address Prof. J. J. Stevenson.

—The sale of Mr. Beecher's etchings and engravings last week brought \$5,756. Ten Rembrandts brought \$160; Willmore's engraving of Turner's 'The Golden Bough,' \$21, and of 'Dover' \$30. The highest price was paid for Haden's 'Shere Mill-Pond,' \$105. The whole collection of pictures, prints, bric-à-brac, etc., brought \$35,000.

## Henry D. Thoreau.

[H. S. Salt, in *Temple Bar*.]

MR. THOREAU dined with us. He is a singular character—a young man with much of wild, original nature still remaining in him; and so far as he is sophisticated, it is in a way and method of his own. He is as ugly as sin, long-nosed, queer-mouthed, and with uncouth and somewhat rustic, though courteous, manners, corresponding very well with such an exterior. But his ugliness is of an honest and agreeable fashion, and becomes him much better than beauty.

This extract from Nathaniel Hawthorne's Diary in 1842 describes Thoreau as he appeared, three years before his retirement to Walden, to one who was scarcely likely to do full justice to a genius so widely dissimilar to his own. The gifted inhabitant of the Old Manse, whose recent experiences at Brook Farm had led him to look with suspicion on all that savored of enthusiasm for social reform, and to view everything from a purely literary and artistic standpoint, could hardly be expected to appreciate very warmly the character of a young enthusiast who had declared open war against custom and society, and was preaching a crusade against every sort of luxury and self-indulgence. Still less could the ordinary American citizen understand that novel gospel which bid him dispense with most of those things which he had been brought up to regard as the necessary comforts of life. Accordingly we are not surprised to find that Thoreau's doctrine obtained but little recognition during his lifetime; he was regarded with profound respect by a few select friends, Emerson among the number; but to the many he appeared merely eccentric and quixotic, his sojourn at Walden gaining him the reputation of a hermit and misanthrope. Even now, nearly a quarter of a century after his death, he is not known as he deserves to be either in America or this country; most readers ignore or misunderstand him; and it is left to a small but increasing number of admirers to do justice to one of the most remarkable and original characters that America has yet produced. Thoreau was pre-eminently the apostle of 'plain living and high thinking;' and to those who are indifferent to this doctrine he must ever appeal in vain; on the other hand, those who have realized the blessings of a simple and healthful life can never feel sufficient gratitude or admiration for such a book as 'Walden,' which is rightly regarded as the masterpiece of Thoreau's genius.

One of the causes that have contributed to the general lack of interest in Thoreau's writings is the want of a good memoir of his life. Emerson's account of him\* is excellent as far as it goes, but it is very short and cursory; while the other lives,† though each is not without some merit of its own, are hardly satisfactory enough to become really popular. As so little is known of Thoreau by most people, it may be well, before I proceed to an examination of his writings and philosophy, to enumerate very briefly the leading facts of his life. He was born in 1817 in Concord, Massachusetts, his father being a manufacturer of lead pencils in that place. He was educated at Harvard College, and after leaving the University taught for a short time in a private school, but soon becoming weary of the educational profession he devoted himself to his father's trade till he had completely mastered it in all its details. Then, finding that the true aim and object of his ambition was to live a simple, natural, open-air life, he became, as he himself has humorously recorded, 'self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms,' and gave himself up to that intimate communion with nature from which he seemed to derive all his intellectual strength. In 1845 he built himself a hut on the shores of Walden Pond, a short distance from Concord, and there lived for over two years. After this sojourn in the woods he returned to Concord, and the quiet tenor of his life was afterwards only interrupted by occasional visits to the Maine Woods, Canada, Cape Cod, and other places of interest, of which journeys he has left an account in his books. He died in 1862 from a disease of the lungs, the result of a severe cold taken through unwise exposure in winter. His best known works

\* Prefixed to Thoreau's Excursions. Messrs. Ticknor & Field: Boston.

† Thoreau, His Life and Aims. By H. A. Page. Chatto & Windus. Thoreau the Poet-Naturalist. By W. Ellery Channing. Boston. Life in America. By F. B. Sanborn.



are 'Walden,' the 'Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers,' 'Anti-Slavery and Reform Papers,' and the Diaries.

It has been remarked by some critics, who take an unfavorable view of Thoreau's philosophy, that his life was strikingly devoid of those wide experiences and opportunities of studying mankind, which alone can justify an individual in arraigning, as Thoreau did, the whole system of modern society.\* It should be remembered, however, that he possessed that keen native wisdom and practical insight, which, combined with fearless self-inspection, are often a better form of education than the more approved methods. Like all other enthusiasts, Thoreau sometimes taught a half-truth rather than a whole one; but that does not alter the fact that his teaching was true as far as it went. In his life-protest against the luxury and self-indulgence which he saw everywhere around him, he no doubt occasionally over-stated his own case, and ignored some objections which might reasonably have been raised against his doctrines; but in the main his conclusions are generally sound and unimpeachable. Self-taught, time-saving, and laconic, he struck by a sort of unerring instinct at the very root of the question which he chanced to be discussing, not pausing to weigh objections, or allowing any difficulties to divert him from his aim. We may now proceed to consider the chief features of his philosophy.

Thoreau has been called a Stoic; and there is undoubtedly much in his philosophy that is akin to the spirit of ancient Stoicism. With him, as with Epictetus, conformity to nature is the basis of his teaching, and he has been finely called by Emerson the 'Bachelor of Nature,' a term which might well have been applied to many of the old Greek and Roman Stoics. It is a remarkable fact that there is rarely any mention of love in his writings, but friendship, as with the Stoics, is a common theme, this subject being treated of at considerable length in the 'Week.'† His main point of similarity, however, to the Stoic philosophers is to be found in his ceaseless protest against all kinds of luxury and superfluous comforts. Like Socrates, he could truly say, on seeing the abundance of other people's possessions, 'How many things are there that I do not desire!' and every page of 'Walden' bears testimony to the sincerity of this feeling. The keynote of the book is the sentiment expressed in Goldsmith's words, 'Man wants but little here below,' with the difference that Thoreau did not merely talk of Arcadian simplicity, in the manner that was so common with literary men a century ago, but carried his theories into practical effect. His furniture at Walden consisted of a bed, a table, a desk, three chairs, a looking-glass, a pair of tongs, and a few plates, knives, forks, and cooking utensils. He had three pieces of limestone on his desk, but finding they required to be dusted daily, he threw them out of the window, preferring to spend the time in dusting 'the furniture of his mind.' A lady once offered him a mat, but for the same reason this offer was declined. His dress, diet, and whole system of life were framed on similar principles. When asked at table what dish he preferred, he answered 'the nearest,' and he was surprised at the anxiety which people usually manifest to have new and unpatched clothes rather than a sound conscience. In short, his utterances on this subject of superfluous comforts were such as would have made Dr. Samuel Johnson's hair stand on end with amazement and indignation had they been promulgated on one of the many occasions when the Doctor used to demonstrate to his audience the beneficial results of luxury, in the full confidence that he was teaching a great economic truth! Freedom from artificial wants, and a life in harmony with nature, are again and again insisted upon by Thoreau as the basis of all true happiness; and these he certainly pursued with unflinching consistency through his own singular career. In this sense he was a true Stoic philosopher. But there are also important differences. Thoreau was free from that coldness of heart which was too often a characteristic of the Stoics of old, and was animated by a far wider and nobler spirit of humanity. It is true that there was a certain reserve in his manner which made his acquaintances a little afraid of him, and caused one of his friends to remark, 'I love Henry, but I cannot like him.' But this existed only in his manner; in heart he was at all times thoroughly kindly and sympathetic. There is a passage in his diary‡ where he regrets his own tendency to use more harsh and cynical expressions about mankind than he really intended, owing to the somewhat paradoxical style of conversation in which he indulged, and which his friends seemed to expect from him. But his enthusiastic admiration for the heroes of the anti-slavery agitation was a proof that he was quite free from the coldness of a merely theoretic Stoicism; indeed he has a just claim to be considered one of the leaders of the great humanitarian movement of this century, his sympathy with the lower ani-

mals being one of the most extraordinary features of his character. He had been influenced far too deeply by the teachings of Channing, Emerson, and the Transcendental school, to permit of his being classed as a mere cynic or misanthrope.

'Simplify, simplify,' was the cry that was for ever on Thoreau's lips, in his life-protest against the increasing luxury and extravagance and hypocrisy of the age. The lesson taught us by 'Walden' is that there are two ways of becoming rich; one—the method usually adopted—by conforming to the conventional laws of society, and amassing sufficient money to enable one to purchase all the 'comforts' of which men think they have need; the other—a simpler and more expeditious process—by limiting one's desires to those things which are really necessary; in Thoreau's own words, 'A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.' It is habit only which makes us regard as necessary a great part of the equipments of civilized life, and an experience such as that of Thoreau during his sojourn at Walden goes to prove that we might be healthier and happier if we could bring ourselves to dispense with many of our superfluous and artificial wants, and thus substitute a manly independence for our present childish dependence on the labor of others. Thoreau was not a foolish champion of savage and barbarous isolation against the appliances and improvements of civilized society; it is not denied by him that on the whole the civilized state is far preferable to the savage condition; but he shows that in some ways the increase of artificial wants, and of skill in supplying them, has proved a curse rather than a blessing to the human race, and he points out an easy and perfectly practicable way out of this difficulty. Every one may add to his own riches, and may lessen his own labor, and that of others, in the treadmill of competitive existence, by the simple expedient of living less artificially. There are few indeed who, if they go to the root of the matter, and cast aside the prejudices of custom and convention, will not discover that they could be equally happy—nay, far happier, without much of what is now most expensive in their houses, in the way of furniture, clothing, and diet. Thoreau discovered by his own experiment,\* that by working about six weeks in the year, he could meet all the expenses of living, and have free for study the whole of his winters as well as most of his summers, a discovery which may throw considerable light on the solution of certain social problems in our own country. Even if we allow an ample margin for the peculiarity of his case, and the favorable conditions under which he made his experiment, the conclusion seems to be unavoidable that the burden of labor which falls on the majority of the human race is not only very unfairly distributed, but is in itself unnecessarily heavy.

Thoreau cannot be called a Socialist; he was rather an Individualist of the most uncompromising type. One of his most striking characteristics was his strong contempt for the orthodox social virtues of 'charity' and 'philanthropy,' which lead men—so he thought—to attempt a cheap method of improving their fellow-creatures without any real sacrifice or reform on their own side. In no part of 'Walden' is the writing more vigorous and trenchant than when Thoreau is discussing the 'philanthropic enterprises' in which some of his fellow-townsmen reproachfully invited him to join. 'Doing good,' he declares, is one of the professions that are full; and if he knew for a certainty that a man was coming to his house with the design of doing him good, he should run for his life, for he would rather suffer evil the natural way. So, too, with charity:

It may be that he who bestows the largest amount of time and money on the needy, is doing the utmost by his mode of life to produce that misery which he strives in vain to relieve. Some show their kindness to the poor by employing them in their kitchens. Would they not be kinder if they employed themselves there?

We are not surprised to find that Thoreau's favorite modern author was Carlyle, the philosophy of Work (not in the commercial sense) being one that would eminently commend itself to the very practical mind of the author of 'Walden.' With Ruskin he does not seem to have been familiar, though there is no writer to whom in many respects he was more akin; indeed, as a castigator of the faults of modern civilization and artificial society, he occupies in America a position very similar to that of Ruskin in England. There are many whole passages in 'Walden' which are strikingly Ruskinian in their manner of thought and expression; as for instance the following:† 'Nature has no human inhabitant who appreciates her. The birds with their plumage and their notes are in harmony with the flowers, but what youth or maiden conspires with the wild luxuriant beauty of Nature? She flourishes most alone, far from the towns where they reside. Talk of heaven! ye disgrace earth.' Again the resemblance is very striking when we

\* Vide Lowell's Essay on Thoreau, in *My Study Windows*.

† Pages 282-304.

‡ Early Spring in Massachusetts, p. 124.

\* Walden, pp. 75-77.

† Page 216.

find Thoreau inveighing against the luxury of the railroad car, with its divans and ottomans and velvet cushions and 'a malaria all the way.' 'That devilish Iron Horse,' he exclaims, 'whose ear-rending neigh is heard throughout the town, he it is that has browsed off all the woods on Walden shore: that Trojan horse, with a thousand men in his belly, introduced by mercenary Greeks.'

Many, too, are his strictures † on the monstrous ugliness of recent American architecture, and his meditations on the sacred delight of a man building his own dwelling, as he himself did at Walden, and lingering lovingly over foundation, doors, windows, hearth, and every other detail. When he considers how flimsily modern houses are in general built, paid for or not paid for as the case may be, he expresses his wonder that 'the floor does not give way under the visitor while he is admiring the gewgaws upon the mantelpiece, and let him through to the cellar, to some solid and honest, though earthy, foundation.' Like Ruskin again, Thoreau declines to yield homage to the supremacy of the Nineteenth Century, even on the score of such boasted modern inventions as the Telegraph and Post Office, for he insists that he only received one or two letters in all his life that were worth the postage, and that the Telegraph cannot greatly benefit those who, it may be, have nothing important to communicate. For newspapers also, and all the trivialities of newspaper gossip, he had a profound contempt, caring nothing to read of men robbed or murdered, houses blown up, vessels wrecked, or cows run over on the railroad, because he could discover nothing memorable in this. Even books were not always found to be desirable; there being times when he 'could not afford to sacrifice the bloom of the present moment to any work,'—a remark which reminds one of Ruskin's statement that he never reads in spring-time. In like manner Thoreau was in no way interested in the ordinary conversation of 'society'; for, as he characteristically observes, 'a goose is a goose still, dress it as you will.' The author of 'Fors Clavigera' has there put it on record that he could never contemplate a visit to a country which has no cattle; if however he had visited America during Thoreau's lifetime, I think he might have found a compensation even for this great disadvantage. At any rate, he might have met one kindred spirit across the Atlantic, one man who cared so little for party politics that he never voted, and who, amidst all the hurry and fluster of his enterprising countrymen, preferred travelling on foot to being jerked along on a railroad.

[To be concluded.]

### Notes

THE success of the Authors Readings to be given at Chickering Hall on Monday and Tuesday afternoons next, Nov. 28 and 29, is well assured. The price of seats at each of the two readings is \$2, and 650 tickets had been sold last Wednesday. The affair is under the management of the Executive Committee of the American Copyright League, and Mr. James Russell Lowell (who has just returned from Europe, and is visiting his daughter at Southboro, Mass.) will occupy the chair at both readings as the League's President. At the first he will be introduced by Bishop Potter, of the Executive Committee, and will make an address. Monday's programme will include a reading by Dr. Edward Eggleston, from a manuscript not yet published. Dr. Eggleston will be followed by Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain). Mr. R. H. Stoddard will read 'The Follower,' and another of his lyrics. Mr. H. C. Bunner's selections will be 'The Zadoc Pine Labor Union,' from his forthcoming story in *Scribner's Magazine*. Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, whose recitations are highly spoken of by those who have heard them, will give some of his Hoosier farmer dialect poems. Mr. George W. Cable will read from his *Century* story, 'Au Large.' On the second afternoon the participants, besides Mr. Lowell, will be Col. R. M. Johnston, of Baltimore, who will read from one of his Georgian sketches, 'The Story of Mr. Thomas Watts'; Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. George William Curtis, Mr. Frank Stockton, Mr. Charles Dudley Warner and Mr. Thomas Nelson Page. Mr. Stockton's selection will be 'Prince Hassak's March,' and Mr. Warner's 'The Hunting of the Bear.' Mr. Page will probably read a scene from 'Uncle Edenburg's Drowndin.' The readings will begin at 2 o'clock.

—Charles Scribner's Sons have just issued a new edition of Mrs. Harrison's delightful 'Old-Fashioned Fairy-Book,' and a cheaper edition of Mr. Stoddard's eminently readable *Bric-à-Brac* Series. The same firm are printing the fortieth thousand of Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' and they announce for immediate publication Eliza Bowne's 'A Girl's Life Eighty Years Ago' (partly reprinted from *Scribner's Magazine*), with an introduction by Mr. Clarence Cook.

† Page 208.

† Pages 42, 50, 52, 262.

—Max O'Rell delivered his first lecture on Friday evening of last week. He spoke in Chickering Hall, which was well filled with an audience that came to be pleased and was not disappointed. He proved to be a better speaker than Matthew Arnold, whose voice, on the occasion of his first address, delivered in the same hall, was inaudible to persons occupying any but the front seats; and a wittier one than the late Serjeant Ballantyne, who began his remarks (also in Chickering Hall) to half a house, and finished them to empty benches. His subject was 'Jacques Bonhomme and John Bull'; and his lecture was a series of neatly-joined epigrams. He touched the chords of pathos and mirth alternately, and with a skillful hand, giving his hearers the impression that he is really a serious man, but with a keen eye for the ludicrous, and an unusual knack of 'putting things' effectively. He speaks English very fluently and distinctly, but with a marked accent.

—Miss Helen A. Shafer has been appointed acting President of Wellesley College. Miss Shafer has been senior Professor of Mathematics in the College for eleven years. She is a graduate of Oberlin, and is said to be eminently fitted for her new position.

—Delmonico's chef, Filippini, has prepared for the press a voluminous work on the subject of cooking and serving. It will fill several hundred pages, and will contain bills-of-fare for every day in the year, and specimen menus of some of the most elegant dinners. He has served in Europe, as well as at Delmonico's. Nearly 100 recipes for soups will be given. The book will be published by subscription, in the spring, by Chas. L. Webster & Co. The same firm will issue by subscription at about the same time 'Yank and Johnnie; or, Laugh and Grow Fat,' a volume of short stories giving the humorous side of the War, by Mr. Van Nortwick, of the editorial staff of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

—The Essex Club of Boston is preparing a memorial to Mr. Whittier to be presented on the poet's eightieth birthday, Dec. 17. It will take the form of a letter covering 100 sheets of note paper, friendly rather than formal in tone, expressing the high esteem in which Mr. Whittier is held, and speaking of his services to the State and Nation. This letter, it is proposed, shall be signed by the President and Secretary of the Club, and by such members as care to sign it. The letter will then be taken to the State House for the signatures of the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Executive Council, and will then be sent to Washington for the signatures of the members of the Senate and House. The signatures of the Judges of the Massachusetts Supreme Court will also be asked for.

—'Boys in the Army' will be the title of a series of articles in next year's *Youth's Companion*, to be contributed by Gens. Horace Porter and Alfred Pleasanton and Cols. J. S. Mosby and T. W. Higginson.

—Among the names oftenest mentioned in connection with the Presidency of Princeton College are those of William M. Sloane, Professor of History and Political Science at Princeton, and editor of the scholarly *New Princeton Review*; and Prof. Henry Drummond, of Edinburgh University, author of 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World,' who has recently paid a visit to this country. There seems to be a strong feeling in favor of the selection of an American as successor to President McCosh.

—Mr. Ernest Rhys, an English writer, and editor of the *Camelot Classics*, is coming to this country to lecture. His subjects will be 'Walt Whitman in England' and 'The New Poetry.'

—Mr. Bonaventure has brought back from Europe many bibliographical rarities—a beautiful 'Evangelaire' of the Twelfth Century, an Elzevir ('Patissier Francais') of 1655, a Grolier ('Actii Lyceri'), and an Aldus ('Theocrite') of 1495, numerous missals and Books of Hours, and various handsome volumes of personal or historic interest. Among these are an 'Isocrates' of 1592 that belonged to Francis I. of France, Henri III.'s 'Predications sur les Évangiles,' and books from the private libraries of Marie de Medici, James I. of England, Cardinal Richelieu, Marie Antoinette and Mme. de Maintenon. He has also an original of Claude's 'Liber Veritatis,' an 1812 Turner's 'Liber Studiorum,' and an extra-illustrated copy of Hamerton's 'Etching and Etchers.'

—Mr. John R. Howard has prepared for the firm of Fords, Howard & Hulbert, of which he is a member, a volume of Mr. Beecher's 'Patriotic Addresses,' beginning with the 'Shall We Compromise?' of February, 1850, and ending with the Eulogy on Grant (October, 1885). The collection will contain the addresses delivered in England during the War; and will be prefaced with a 'review,' by the editor, of 'Mr. Beecher's Personality and Influence in Public Affairs.' It is an illustrated subscription book.

—Cassell & Co. announce, for immediate publication, 'Yule Tide,' their Christmas Annual, for 1887.



—Paul C. Sinding, a Danish author and Lutheran minister, has just died, very suddenly, in this city. He was 70 years of age, and came to this country 32 years ago. At one time he was Professor of Scandinavian Languages at Columbia College. He attempted to establish a Danish church here, but failed. He wrote and published a Scandinavian history, and translated a life of Robert Fulton, by Hauch, the Danish author.

—The publishers of *The American Magazine* deny the rumor that it was any part of their plan, in assuming the direction of the magazine, to pay their contributors in stock. The story never had any foundation, they say.

—The Thanksgiving issue of *The Journal of Education* has a four-page supplement, and contains poems by Edith M. Thomas, Dora Read Goodale and Kate L. Brown; also special articles by Mary Harriet Morris, Mary Elizabeth Blake (M. E. B.), Annie Bronson King, Helen Ainsley Smith, Aristine Anderson, George H. Martin, A. H. Kelley and Charles Jacobus, with editorials, 'Frivolities,' Chicago and Boston letters, etc.

—John Jones, better known as Idris Vychan, one of the most celebrated penillion singers of Wales, and one of the best versed of her sons in Welsh literature, especially in poetry and antiquarian research, is dead.

—Chas. E. Merrill & Co. have in press, and will publish next month, 'First Steps in Electricity,' by Mr. Charles Barnard, describing a great variety of simple experiments with electricity, the laws that govern it, and their application to the telegraph, telephone, electric light, cable railways, etc. The book is designed for the entertainment and instruction of young people at home or in school, and most of the experiments may easily be performed with materials to be found in every household.

—Of the November *Century* 250,000 copies were printed. The number contains 260 pages of reading-matter and advertisements, including the outside cover; so, unless our arithmetic is wrong, the edition contains sixty-five million printed pages.

—To the successful performance here of Richard Wagner's later operas, we are probably indebted for a new edition of Dr. W. Wagner's 'Epics and Romances of the Middle Ages,' with many spirited illustrations, just issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert. The volume throws much light on the sources of Wagner's inspiration in writing his music-dramas.

—*Christian Thought* for December will contain an article by Dr. Lyman Abbott, editor of *The Christian Union*, on 'The Religion of Humanity.' Rev. Dr. Deems is the editor of this bi-monthly.

—It is not often that a publisher allows so wide a hiatus between the publication of two volumes of his works as thirty-six years; yet the first volume of Didron's 'Christian Iconography,' translated from the French by E. J. Millington, and profusely illustrated, published by Bohn in 1851, remained without its mate (the second and concluding volume) until a very short while ago.

—Mr. Robert Barrett Browning ('Pen' Browning, as he is called) is visiting in this city, with his wife. He is, we believe, the only child of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. He is a sculptor, and one of his latest works was a portrait-bust of his father.

—Edwin Arnold's new book, 'Death—and Afterwards,' is nearly ready for publication.

—A discussion of the original home of the Aryan race has been added to Max Müller's articles from *Good Words*, which Messrs. Scribner announce. The same firm will publish Mr. Stevenson's 'Memoir of Fleeming Jenkin,' Mr. Froude's 'English in the West Indies; or, The Bow of Ulysses,' and Mr. Harris's 'Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches.'

—M. De Lesseps, at eighty-one, is the oldest French Academician, but the historian Nisard, who was elected in 1850, has been a member of the Academy for a longer period.

—A recent volume by Charles William McCord—a new poet, apparently—makes public a singular coincidence in names. Prof. Charles William McCord (the two authors are unrelated and unknown to each other), of the Stevens Institute of Technology, has prepared an elaborately illustrated book pertaining to his specialty which is to be published immediately by Munn & Co.

—Miss Emma Lazarus, the poet, died in this city on Saturday last, and was buried on Monday in the family lot in Cypress Hills Cemetery. The fatal termination of her long illness was not a surprise to her friends, though it is none the less a source of keen regret to them. Miss Lazarus was a writer of originality and force, both in verse and prose, and her death is a distinct loss to American letters. It is a special loss to this journal, to whose columns she was, before her illness, a frequent contributor. We shall have more to say of her next week.

—The cornerstone of a monument to Goethe was laid in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, on Monday, Nov. 14th, with Masonic ceremonies. An address in German was delivered by Otto Schoettle, and an address in English by Judge Michael Arnold.

—Herr Alvary, the soloist at the Symphony Society concert this (Saturday) evening, will sing an air from 'Don Giovanni' and the late Dr. Damrosch's 'Siegfried's Sword.'

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have issued a new edition of their annual Portrait Catalogue. It is as interesting as ever; and one goes through it carefully again, to refresh his recollection of the famous faces scattered through its pages. Most of these are pleasing and well-engraved; but some are unflattered, to say the least; and others are printed from battered blocks. The Catalogue is worth having, and is sent free to every one who asks for it.

### Current Criticism

AMERICA'S BEST TEACHER.—Mr. Emerson was, we think, well advised in appointing Mr. Cabot his literary executor, and Mr. Emerson's family have been wise in entrusting this gentleman with the task of writing what must plainly be the definitive memoir of the American teacher. The tale is told with simplicity and good taste, with full appreciation of its subject, but without extravagant eulogy. Where more than mere narrative is required, more is forthcoming; and the occasional expositions of Emerson's views, and of their relation to the society around him, plainly proceed from a man who has himself observed, himself felt, the special forms of mental and spiritual awakening and aspiration to which the message of the sage of Concord came with acceptability and power. Especially has Mr. Cabot realized—what to a fellow countryman and intimate friend might excusably have been hard of realization—the limits of time, place, circumstance, within which that message was felt to have true inspiration. Emerson is not here represented to us as what he was *not* and never pretended to be, namely, a great original thinker, and a prophet for all times and climes, but rather as what he was, though even this his own modesty would have disclaimed, the most effective indigenous educator whom the American people at that stage of their progress could have found—the instrument best fitted to transmit to those shores and to that generation the trumpet-calls of unreasoned hope, instinctive virtue, which, under the title of one or another philosophy, one or another religion, have supplied in every age the stimulus necessary to whosoever cares not to live by bread alone.—*The Athenaeum*.

MR. WARNER ON THE SHELLEY CULT.—Shelley is certainly an enduring phenomenon in the world, in both his personality and his poetry. But not more astonishing is the treatment this genius received at the hands of his contemporaries than the attitude toward him of the present Shelley Society, a coterie of the highest intelligence and sensibility, which makes of him a veritable 'cult,' in default, perhaps, of other religion broad enough and 'humanitarian' enough to satisfy the æsthetic mind of this very æsthetic century. It seems a pity, in view of many possibilities, that Shelley was not a Hindoo instead of an Englishman. We owe to his editor, Mr. Forman, working with the industry and enthusiasm characteristic of this day of the specialization of literature, a magnificent edition of his works, in verse and prose; and later, to the Shelley Society, the rescue and reproduction of everything, down to the least fragment that can be traced to the jejune exercises of his boyhood, edited with a textual reverence that is scarcely accorded to Shakespeare.—*The New Princeton Review*.

A HEBREW HUMORIST.—The Jewish race can claim to have produced in the person of Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, an Austrian journalist but little known in this country, the foremost wit and humorist of the German-speaking people. As ready in retort as Jerrold, as brilliant a conversationalist and *raconteur* as Sheridan, he was as graceful and effective a punster as the immortal Tom Hood. The right of his co-religionist, Heine, to rank among humorists is often questioned in German literary coteries; but Saphir's pre-eminence is admitted even by the ponderous writers of the 'Brockhaus-Lexicon.' . . . Innumerable are the anecdotes told of him. A few culled from the collection of 'Saphiriana,' published in Germany, are characteristic, and well illustrate the readiness of his wit and the peculiar form of humor for which he was noted. Jerrold, his colleague on the *Humorist*, often asked him to dinner; but as Madame Jerrold was reputed to be one of the meanest women in the capital, the humorist generally managed to excuse himself. At last, though, he was trapped into an acceptance. The dinner consisted, as he anticipated, of more table-cloth than meat, and Saphir, who was a big man with a proportionate appetite, rose

from table as hungry as he had sat down. As he was taking his leave, the hostess came up to him, and playfully tapping him on the shoulder with her fan, said,—"And now, Herr Saphir, when will you dine with me again?" "At once, Madame Jermain, at once!" responded the hungry wit in his deepest bass. The old Rothschild, at an evening gathering, requested Saphir to write something in his autograph book, but it was to be something characteristic. In two minutes the financier received the volume back with the following entry: "Oblige me, Dear Baron, with the loan of 10,000 gulden; and *forget*, for ever after, your obedient servant, M. G. Saphir." The man of money saw the point of the joke, and paid generously for the humorist's signature. Equally brief was the retort he made to some one against whom he accidentally knocked when turning the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast," cried the offended person, without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."—*The Spectator*.

**JUSTIN MCCARTHY ON 'MODERN FICTION.'**—As the tendency of each kind of fiction is to find imitation before reaction, Dickens and Thackeray found a host of imitators. One of these, Anthony Trollope, followed Thackeray, but in a fashion distinctly his own, discarding all Thackeray's romantic feeling and pathos. The next development was the sensational story, with its murders, mysteries, and fearful discoveries. Some of these novels were written after the manner of conundrums, and they left the reader no time in which to take breath to criticise or to make observations. Then people became disposed for a sudden and new departure, and the school represented by Mr. Howells and Mr. James came to us from America. Their aim is to make a story interesting out of materials entirely without interest to charm or fascinate the unwilling reader. With the next reaction arose a kind of imagination the like of which had not been seen before, and Mr. Haggard's 'King Solomon's Mines,' 'She,' etc., are the result. In all works of fiction it is impossible to discern where the real and ideal begin and end; everywhere they are blended. Striking examples are to be found in 'Don Quixote.' Again, Scott furnishes his humorous pictures of life and caricature, bold and daring adventures, and thrilling tragedy. He has idealized by the touch of sympathy and genius the humble life of the commonest people. And it is so with the novels of realism, such as those of Fielding and Mr. Howells. Mr. George Meredith, who has only lately come into his fame, has wrought together the ideal and the real perfectly. The French realistic school of Zola Mr. McCarthy declined to discuss, because it would not, he said, deeply influence our literature or our social life, it being no more realism, in the true sense, than any other class of fiction.—*Lecture at the Birkbeck Institute.*

### The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

#### QUESTIONS.

**No. 1305.**—Are there any libraries in New York from which books may be obtained by persons at a distance?

KITTRELL, N. C.

B.

[By giving satisfactory reference, persons residing out of town can become members of the Mercantile Library, the chief circulating library in the city, upon the same terms and conditions as those who live within the city limits. Books are forwarded either by express or through the mails, the member being liable for any loss that may occur. In addition to the price of subscription (\$5), a deposit of \$5 is required to cover charges.]

**No. 1306.**—What is the pronunciation of Tolstoi? Most people say 'Tolstoy'; some authorities spell it so. A Harvard Annex woman—on he authority, she says, of a Harvard Professor—says 'Tolstwa.' Somebody else says 'Tolstoe.' Why is his Christian name written sometimes 'Leo' and sometimes 'Lyof'?

t DOVER (N. H.) PUBLIC LIBRARY.

C. H. G.

[We believe the correct pronunciation to be 'Tol-stoy.' 'Lyof,' as we understand, is an incorrect transliteration of his Russian name.]

**No. 1307.**—I want to learn the authorship of a short poem, learned years ago (thirty perhaps), from an 'American Commonplace Book of Poetry,' of which the following is the first verse:

Wouldst thou from sorrow find a sweet relief?  
Or is thy heart oppressed with woes untold?  
Balm wouldst thou gather from corroding grief?  
Pour blessings round thee like a shower of gold.  
'Tis when the rose is wrapped in many a fold,  
Close to its heart, the worm is wasting there  
Its life and beauty, not when all unrolled,  
Leaf after leaf, its bosom rich and fair  
Breathes freely its perfume throughout the ambient air.

ORANGE, N. J.

C. H. S.

**No. 1308.**—Can you tell me who is the author of the lines quoted below, and in what poem they occur? They are quoted by John L. Stephens in his 'Incidents of Travel through Greece and Asia Minor.'

Those angelic youths of old,  
Burning for maids of mortal mould,  
Bewildered left their glorious skies,  
And lost their heaven for woman's eyes.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

J. L. K.

**No. 1309.**—Can you name the author of the expression, 'Ewiges nach dem Leben.' Perhaps it is in Goethe, but I can't find it.

BRUNSWICK, MAINE.

A. S. P.

#### ANSWERS.

**No. 1300.**—Mr. Higginson's suggestion that the air 'God Save the King,' to the words 'My Country 'tis of Thee,' etc., is the proper national anthem of the United States, is interesting in view of the proposal to bind the old country and the new closer together by treaty. It is quite true that the air is the common property of England and her dependencies, past or present; but it is also true that it is the Prussian and Hanoverian national anthem ('Heil König dir'), and that its adoption on this side the water could not but be approved by the majority of German-American citizens.

NEW YORK.

C. W.

**No. 1300.**—Why not give the preference to 'My Country 'tis of Thee' to the tune 'America,' which is really a hymn? 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' etc., are properly songs.

LONG BRANCH, N. J.

L. E.

### Publications Received.

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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| Allen, W. B. The Northern Cross. \$1.00.....                                     | Boston: D. Lothrop Co.                 |
| Andrews, J. Only a Year.....   | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Battles and Leaders of the Civil War. 50c.....                                   | Century Co.                            |
| Bruce, A. B. Humiliation of Christ. \$2.50.....                                  | A. C. Armstrong & Son.                 |
| Century, The. 1887.....  | Century Co.                            |
| Cox, A. Cleveland. Baldwin Lectures. \$1.50.....                                 | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.           |
| Domett, A. It Was the Calm and Silent Night.....                                 | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Douglas, A. M. The Fortunes of the Faradays.....                                 | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Dumas, A. The Count of Monte-Cristo. 5 vols. \$15.00.....                        | Geo. Routledge & Sons.                 |
| Eastman, Clara. Songs for the Night.....   | Brattleboro, Vt.: Frank E. Housh & Co. |
| Geikie, C. The Holy Land and the Bible. 2 Vols. ....                             | James Pott & Co.                       |
| Gerry, Chas. F. Meadow Melodies. \$1.75.....                                     | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Good Things of Life. New Series. \$2.50.....                                     | Fred. A. Stokes.                       |
| Gray, Thos. Gray's Elegy.....  | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Gronlund, L. Oa Ira.....   | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Hemans, F. The Breaking Waves Dashed High.....                                   | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Hitchcock, R. Representative Etchings of To-day. \$10.00.....                    | Fred. A. Stokes.                       |
| Ivings, Works. Tappan Zee edition. \$12.00.....                                  | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                   |
| Jacobson, A. Higher Ground. \$1.00.....  | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.           |
| Jones, Lynd E. The Best Reading. \$1.00.....                                     | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                   |
| Jones, R. J. C. Ships, Sailors and The Sea. \$1.50.....                          | Cassell & Co.                          |
| Jordan, D. S. Science Sketches. \$1.50.....                                      | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.           |
| Knox, William. O why should the Spirit grow Proud.....                           | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Lakeman, Mary. Faith's Festivals. \$1.00.....                                    | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Lang, Andrew. Myth, Ritual and Religion. 2 vols.....                             | Longmans, Green & Co.                  |
| Laure, André. Tr. by Wm. Westall. Captain Trafalgar. \$1.50.....                 | Cassell & Co.                          |
| Leander, R. Tr. by Lane, P. C. German Fantasies by French Firesides. \$1.00..... | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                   |
| Marble, Chas. C. Addresses of the Dead.....                                      | G. W. Dillingham.                      |
| McMaster, J. B. Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters. \$1.25.....               | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.        |
| Mead, Leon. Thralldom.....   | J. S. Ogilvie & Co.                    |
| Notes for Boys. \$1.00.....  | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.           |
| Parkman, F. Pioneers of France in North America.....                             | Boston: Little, Brown & Co.            |
| Paton, W. A. Down the Islands. \$4.00.....                                       | Chas. Scribner's Sons.                 |
| Pepys, Samuel. Selection from his Diary. 10c.....                                | Cassell & Co.                          |
| Procter, R. A. Half Hours with the Stars. \$2.00.....                            | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                   |
| Report of Board of Education of New Jersey, 1886.....                            | Camden, N. J.: S. Chew.                |
| Saunders, F. The Story of Some Famous Books. \$1.25.....                         | A. C. Armstrong & Son.                 |
| Scott, Sir Walter. The Bridal of Triermain.....                                  | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Sears, E. H. That Glorious Song of Old.....                                      | Funk & Wagnalls.                       |
| Sleight, M. B. The Flag on the Mill.....   | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                |
| Spyri, J. Tr. Brooks, L. Grith. \$1.50.....                                      | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                |
| Stillman, W. J. On the Track of Ulysses. \$4.00.....                             | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.                |
| St. Nicholas, 1887.....  | Century Co.                            |
| Stoddard, W. O. Lives of the Presidents. \$1.25.....                             | Fred. A. Stokes.                       |
| Tennyson, A. Ring out, Wild Bells!.....  | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Thomas, Edith M. Lyrics and Sonnets. \$1.25.....                                 | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.                |
| Thompson, Sir H. Diet in Relation to Age and Activity. 50c.....                  | Boston: Cupples & Hurd.                |
| Thoreau, Henry D. Winter. \$1.50.....  | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.        |
| Trowbridge, J. T. Peter Budstone.....  | Boston: Lee & Shepard.                 |
| Warfield, E. D. The Kentucky Resolutions of 1798. \$1.25.....                    | G. P. Putnam's Sons.                   |
| Westall, Wm. Her two Millions. 25c.....  | Harper & Bros.                         |
| Whiting, Charles E. Part Song and Chorus Book.....                               | Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.              |
| Whitney, A. D. T. Bird Talk. \$1.00.....   | Houghton, Mifflin & Co.                |